

# The TATLER

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London  
December 20, 1939



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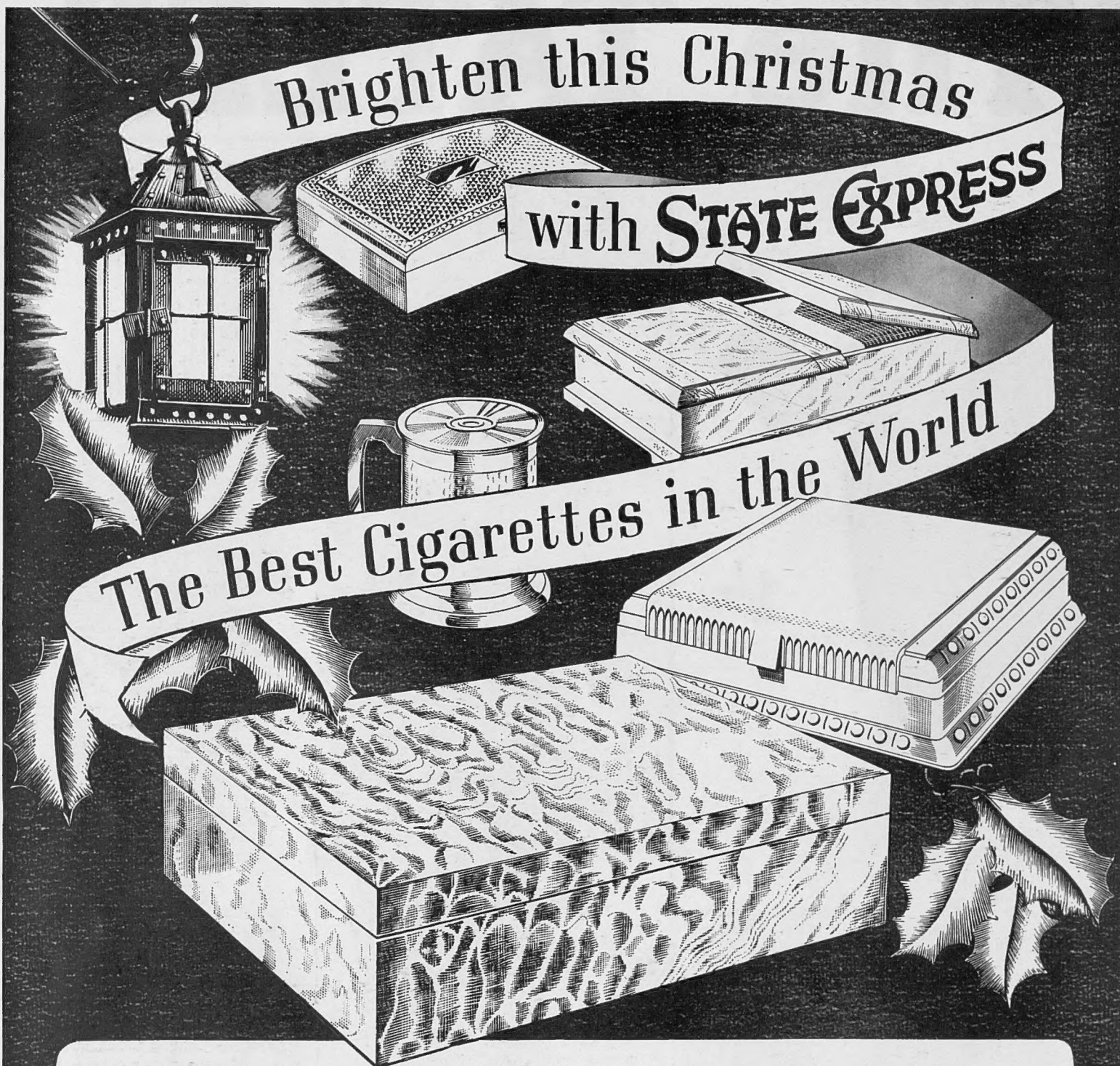
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# The TATTLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 2008. London, December 20, 1939

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*Harlip, New Bond Street*

## THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND

Lord Townshend, who was married to Miss Elizabeth Luby, daughter of Mr. Justice Luby, formerly a judge on the Indian establishment, on the day before the outbreak of war, is A.D.C. to the C.I.G.S., Sir Edmund Ironside. Before the war he had been for some time in a field artillery unit. The marriage was the sequel to a two-year engagement which had not, however, been publicly announced



## And the World Said—



### WAR WORKING IN CANNES

Miss Diana and Miss Daphne Chester-Master hard at it knitting socks for warriors. They are the two daughters of Captain and Mrs. Chester-Master of Lechlade Manor, Gloucestershire, and Miss Diana Chester-Master was a débutante this season

### Achilles :

"Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding."

THE success of a topical play *Julius Caesar*, and of Mr. George Rylands' new pocket Shakespeare "The Ages of Man,"

encourage us to scan the immortal plays for revelations about the villains of this hour. With new eagerness we apprehend Mark Antony's speech, beginning :

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion"—which ends knelling, "They are black vesper's pageants." Our duty is to define our enemies as Lord Halifax and the P.M. have our war aims, and decide which is the more deadly in the long rabbit run, Stalin and Hitler (to use their adopted labels, each changed his name) or Waste comprising the evils of crippling controls, of paying A.R.P. workers £750,000 a week (when wardens in France and Finland put in even longer hours for love) and of too many salaries in too many departments billeted too far from London, among other sinks of prodigality. The Government not only wastes money like water, thus dragging us into the morass of a low, communal standard of living, but fails to release manufacturers and exporters from red tape that they may capture Germany's foreign markets more easily. *A-propos* exports I hear



Jane Haydon

### LADY PATRICIA LENNOX-BOYD, TO WHOM A SON HAS BEEN BORN

Lord and Lady Iveagh's second daughter married the tallest Member in the House and the present Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food, in 1938. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour



### MRS. W. N. RITCHIE ANOTHER CANNES WAR WORKER

Mrs. Ritchie, the former Baronin Sybilla von Hirschberg, who is a granddaughter of Elizabeth, Countess Russell, the famous authoress, was married in London last August. Mr. William Nigel Ritchie is the younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Harold Ritchie, who died of his wounds in the last great war

clever Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith (Joan Marjoribanks) has helped a luxury coachbuilder with the designs for a chassis to captivate the U.S.A., where a boom is due at our expense. Perhaps Ministers intend telling us how rich we are until the reverse comes painfully true, by which time the Opposition will have accumulated justification for forcing the drastic levies dreaded by all honest burghers. But in her pantomime at the Whitehall, Miss Pamela Frankau's barbed couplets are aimed only at the Ugly Sisters, S. & H., while Liberty (Dorothy Hyson) receives no backhanders from Bureaucracy, as she does in real life, poor girl. The young Shakespearean actress, Margaretta Scott, débuted as Prince Charming before an audience including Gilbert (proud papa) Frankau in Royal Air Force uniform; Sir William Garthwaite (whose eldest son, "Bill," is now in the R.A.F.) in a party with the portraitist Eve Sawyer (Mrs. Eric Palmer); Lady Gloria Fisher; busy knitter Mrs. "Robin" Van den Bergh with Peter Stewart, now in France with another concert party; the lively novelist, Kate Mary Bruce (*née* Maugham), whose large, young party included her eldest son, grown nearly as tall as his father; Ann Todd with her new husband; an attractive young actress, Emma Techman, whose tartan cosy enlivened the *foyer*, where dinner jackets predominated after uniforms; Miss Pamela Hunter with a military escort; Mr. David Horner of the eighteenth-century profile, whose new book is "Was It Yesterday"; and a Frenchman who remarked on entering from the utter darkness, "*Il faisait si noir j'ai cru que c'était pour demain.*" London first nighters having to flash their torches on the theatre's sable



*façade* struck this Parisian as singular, but he was too polite to add "idiotic." Ample light at Quaglino's, where Sir George Clerk, who was so admired as Ambassador in Paris, dined in a dinner jacket and a buttonhole; an example to those slovenlies who contrive to look beaten before the war begins. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg (escorting Lady Castle-rosse) also wore a buttonhole; by day he is one of the only men about town with gloves, clean nails and no incipient chilblains—a small point, but why in war should appearances slump like the wife who can count on alimony anyway? It is not as if we are living shelter-skelter yet. Rare spirits, who refuse to be unreasonably diverted from their normal interests and behaviour—man cannot live on no news alone—include Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Lord Hardwicke. The former has admitted to an admirer that the enchanting Chinese end-papers in "Escape With Me" were "reproduced from a fragment I had surreptitiously, like an American tourist, snipped off the ceiling of one of the imperial barges, from which it was hanging down."

This paper, a celestial *toile de Jouy*, was made in the '80s or '90s for the late empress dowager and cannot be found now in Peking. Mr. Sitwell's own notepaper is delightful—a single white sheet (House of Commons size) with a delicate sketch by Rex Whistler of Renishaw Hall, as a heading. Lord Hardwicke, no more *dilletante* than the industrious Sitwells, asked a friend on the telephone if her husband knew where to get ten pairs of Hungarians, adding, "I'm afraid Hungary may be in trouble next—one can't tell." The lady, who likes nothing better than *tziganes* (not to be confused with Mrs. Corrigan's apocryphal *tisane* music) went into raptures.



MISS URSULA WYNDHAM-QUIN  
AND THE ARCHDUKE ROBERT  
OF AUSTRIA

Who were in Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme's large party of sixty at the dinner dance at Grosvenor House in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital maternity work for wives of servicemen. Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin is a daughter of the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin and a grand-daughter of Lord Dunraven

More pictures of this event appear on page 387



Lafayette

#### DAME RACHEL THORNHILL, D.B.E., LL.D

Who before her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Cudbert Thornhill, C.M.G., D.S.O., was famous as Dame Rachel Crowdy. Dame Rachel was Principal Commandant of V.A.D.s in the last war, has sat on two Royal Commissions, and was from 1919 till 1931 Chief of the Social Section of the League of Nations. Colonel Thornhill, who has a bar to his D.S.O. and numerous other decorations, has had a most distinguished military career

then doubted whether the colourful creatures would care for Sussex, and offered to ask the Hungarian Minister if he is sure they would all produce large families. Then Lord Hardwicke disclosed that he is after partridges. The sequel proved unsatisfactory—no air line can undertake shipment at present.

\* \*  
Reverting to

Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel and her husband, now in the Household Brigade; his brother officer, Captain Giles Vandeleur; and Canadian-born Mrs. Richard Tillotson, whose ruby red robe had gold threads on yoke and sleeves. Earlier in the day she gossiped with lovely Mrs. Ian Menzies and dimpled Mrs. Frederick Cullingford (Mary Ratendone that was) at an exciting dress show in the wilds of South Kensington, where big late Victorian rooms were painted white and hung with near Utrillos by the ex-Norman Hartnell of Berlin, and early Victorian sofas covered in lambent satins. Smart women wearing serviceable attire looked for useful clothes, seemingly uninterested in anything other than comfortable cheapness; house coats being the craze that the first knitted dresses were in the Great War. Takers included Contessa Laderchi, whose husband is Military Attaché at the Italian Embassy, Mrs. Beryl Mills and Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, who gave a fork lunch, the first big hen party most of her guests had been to since July. Aided by one faithful retainer, this sporting "Eleanor" opened her Chelsea house and produced a wonderful Italian rice and spice hot dish with sausages and accessories, Viennese chocolate cake and cream, pineapple, crisp biscuits, good cheese and coffee for twenty women, some of whom went back to war work. I trust Field Marshal Goering's mouth waters at the *menu* which was enjoyed by pretty Lady (Marshall) Warmington among



Paterson

#### LIEUTENANT AND MRS. MALCOLM BUIST AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT DORNOCH CATHEDRAL

The bride is the eldest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Brooke, of Midfearn, Ardgay, Ross-shire, of which county Sir Robert Brooke is Lord Lieutenant. He used to be in the Yorkshire Dragoons and served with much distinction in the last war, D.S.O., M.C. and five mentions. The bridegroom is in one of the two arms of the fighting services which are having most of the fun in this quaint war



## And the World Said—*continued*

several naval wives. Feminine hush-hush information, of no use to the enemy, concerns a new romance between a very young eligible and an exceptionally successful colonial goldilocks.

\* \* \*

But one person's affairs only interest a limited circle unless he is Hitler or Hollywood. There being no musical parties at Berchtesgaden, we will travel to Mitchell (Paramount director) Leisen's in honour of his wife, a singer. Featured guests were Ray Noble, Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck (whose latest, *Golden Boy*, is at the Regal), Robert Taylor, Jack and Venetia Oakie, dress designer Adrian and Janet Gaynor (another happy couple), and Stanley Logan and Odette Myrtil to whom the same happy state applies; he used to be in "legit." with Hawtrey, she in early Charlots. Flagstad had a tremendous success in *Valkyrie* and *Tristan* when grand opera brought chinchillas from their lairs in Beverly Hills. At a concert in the Middle West, after giving several encores and acknowledging the insistence of yet another, she went into the Valkyrie's war cry—"Ho-yo-de-ho"—at which a woman in the audience turned to her friend with, "Was that the Norwegian National Anthem?" Another Hollywood party on a modest scale was given by Vivien Leigh (whose next will be *Waterloo Bridge*) for her own birthday. This very English gathering included Gladys Cooper, the Nigel Bruces, the Ronald Colmans, Reggie Gardner (who prefers to forget his train noises), Dame May Whitty, Rex Evans and Ben Webster. The best film news for years comes from the Home Front, viz., Bernard Shaw's decision to allow ten of his plays to be done over by those who made *Pygmalion* a memorable picture—Anthony Asquith, Wendy Hiller, Jean Cadell, Leslie Howard and Co. I trust the irreplaceable Ernest Thesiger, now in Yeats's *The Unicorn from the Stars*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Cecil Parker will be signed up as screen Shavians. I should like to see Mr. Parker earthbound in *Man and Superman*, and Sir Cedric talking those pro-consular rôles which he makes human, therefore credible. None of Shaw's dignitaries of Church or State is half as impishly true to the Shavian formula of paradox as Sir Arthur Richards, the Governor of Jamaica, whose island's urgent problems have been bottled for the duration, after which the West Indies will receive dominion status.

Sir Edward Harding, who has been Permanent Under-Secretary for Dominion Affairs for the past nine years, expects to spend Christmas at sea, *en route* for South Africa, where he is succeeding Sir William Clark as High Commissioner. Lady Harding and a great friend of hers, Miss Theodora Scott-Fox (who, because she has a brother in the Royal Navy, envisages the voyage with commendable *sang froid*—sailors' dependants don't care, either) are sailing with him. The Athenæum will miss Sir Edward and the Overseas Nursing Committee his wife, who has not missed its weekly meeting for ten years. In her South Africa gains a delightful personality who gardens, paints and is sufficiently elastic to appreciate the younger generation, which, pleased and flattered, responds. No young people have time, money or inclination for winter sports this year; but there is no reason why the not-so-robust should take risks by staying at home. Every Swiss Legation and Consulate can give the necessary entrance *visa*, and advice. No doubt the Dutch will congregate as usual at Lenzerheide, where the Schweizerhof has opened; indeed, Dutch families who have gone there show prudence as the threat to Holland is capable of revival at short notice.

Older people who still have the means can travel to the Riviera in comfort (the Blue Train starts on December 21), aware there is no harm in spending a little money *chez* our great ally, on the contrary. Lady Ennisdale had no sooner told me several of their friends are going to Monte Carlo than I received Mr. Stone's bulletin recounting that the whole district has been removed from the army zone, street lighting restored, and the casino opened in spite of the absence, on military service, of five hundred employees. Buses along the Corniche are back to normal and there is ample petrol. For entertainment Monte Carlo is concentrating on good music. The set-up is nearly normal and all the more agreeable for absence of *chi-chi*. It took a war and the need for retrenchment to convince the authorities that *Les Girls* are not indispensable, though "Uncle" Berry Wall, who has arrived for Christmas, pretends to miss 'em. In Madrid, too, life is nearly normal again. General Franco has done a wonderful job of reconstruction in the battered capital. The Ritz and three floors of the Palace are open and newly decorated. People are living in hotels while their houses are repaired,

after being sacked and gutted by the Reds. Fifteen theatres have opened and thirty cinemas; concerts happen regularly and opera is to begin again. The number of White widows is a tragedy, due, in part, to the fact that in the first eight weeks of the Spanish War more harmless aristocrats were murdered without trial than in the entire French Revolution. Now Madrid is the most peaceful capital; the Prado is open, all its pictures back from Geneva, while the finest El Grecos from Toledo and from the Escorial are visiting there before being returned. The only damage to the "La Granja" palace, a minor Versailles against a wild Castilian backcloth, are remnants of machine-gun posts and bullet marks on the *baroque* statues. The windows have been put in anew, and considering its famous gardens were in the front line for nearly three years, their appearance is incredibly neat, which shows that idiot *homo sapiens* would rather give themselves untold travail and anguish than talk trouble out. German propaganda is excellent; Madrid saw the taking of Warsaw filmed from a German tank, almost before the Polish capital had fallen. From gratitude for services rendered and from tradition Spain was pro-German in the Great War—the new Government is subservient to the Wilhelmstrasse, but as Germany becomes identified with Bolshevism, General Franco draws



Bassano

### THE HON. ELIZABETH SHORE WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Lord and Lady Teignmouth's only daughter's engagement to Mr. Charles John Patrick Barnwell, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, was announced on the 13th. The bridegroom elect is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Lowry Barnwell of Hinton St. George, Somerset. Lord Teignmouth's Somerset seat is Mount Elton, Clevedon

away perceptibly, ranging his country with Italian opinion, later to be more clearly identified, we hope, with the civilization of France and the well-meaning which has to do duty for civilization in England, where statesmen, with a few outstanding exceptions, have throughout our rough island story, obstinately clung to their ignorance of European politics and to the quaint recurrent delusion that these islands are nearer Newfoundland than the Netherlands.

\* \* \*

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for 5/- a week to provide a special diet for a two-year-old girl, the child of a casual labourer. She suffers from Coeliac disease, and this diet which her parents cannot afford, is a form of home treatment, to free a bed in hospital under war conditions. It is the only hope for her complete recovery, so please help the Friends of the Poor in this very special and tragic case.

\* \* \*

In the last issue of this paper, Air Marshal Sir Philip De La Ferte was incorrectly given the rank of Air Vice-Marshal. We much regret the error and apologize for any annoyance or inconvenience it may have caused.



# XMAS "ON-LEAVERS" DANCE

# IN AID OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S



THE HON. PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS  
AND MR. R. PAGET PULL ONE FOR LUCK



SIR EGERTON HAMOND-GRAEME  
AND LADY FRANCKENSTEIN



MADAME MARKON (FROM POLAND)  
AND SIR NEVILLE PEARSON



LADY SELBY AND  
DR. E. C. SUGDEN



LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN (PRESIDENT)  
AND MR. EDWARD KNOBLOCK



MRS. PAUL RODZIANKO AND MR.  
JOHN LESLIE, HER BROTHER

The revel with which the pictures on this page deal was not only the first dance made available for the Christmas leave people from the front and elsewhere, but it was the first ball in aid of charity since the outbreak, and it was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Queen Charlotte's Hospital care for servicemen's wives fund. It was a dinner-dance and every one backed it up. They came along in their cohorts and the fund ought to have benefited considerably. Lady Howard de Walden, president of the dance, brought a numerous contingent and Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who was the chairman, an even more so one, sixty or so. Jack Harris's Band supplied the music and there was a bang-up cabaret: Douglas Byng, Frances Day, Alice Delysia and Brian Sheridan, and to lend a happy topical and seasonable touch Shane Leslie



L. to R., MR. J. ARMSTRONG, LADY ELIZABETH RUFUS ISAACS, MR. M. R. D. FOOTE, MISS KAY HUDSON, CAPTAIN E. A. NORTHERN AND THE MARCHIONESS OF READING

produced an excellent replica of Father Christmas. Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's youngest daughter, the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis is seen cracking a cracker with one of the on-leavers in a picture at the top and Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme is with the wife of the ex-Austrian Ambassador to London. Madame Markon was well known in society in the devastated country that was once Poland. Sir Neville Pearson is in the Nth Battalion of the Nth Regiment. Lady Reading in the group at the bottom is Lord Melchett's elder sister, and Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs Lady Reading's younger daughter. Lady Selby, who is dancing with an eminent medicine man, is the former Miss Veronica Briscoe-George and was married in 1933. Mr. Edward Knoblock, who is with Lady Howard de Walden, needs no introduction to the theatrically minded





AT GATWICK: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK  
AND MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTON

A well-known ducal owner and a Master of Hounds, for Mrs. Luke Lillingston, the former Lady Harrington, is joint-Master with her husband of the family pack. Mr. Luke Lillingston is also a former joint-Master of the Meath

RATHER an odd study is the value attached to human life. The Bashi Bazouks, the Nazis and the Chicago gangsters are martyrs to inflation in this respect. The thing just doesn't count at all, except to the owner and, after all, they can't consider everybody. In England the whole thing is the other way round. Take eighty per cent of the ordinary cyclists. Dressed in costumes varying from battleship-grey to dull tarmac they infest the roads at night but value their lives at less than the half-dollar it would cost to buy a tail lamp. Should you, however, entirely through his own fault, rub one of these out, any judge will charge you Allah knows how many thousands of half-crowns to buy a new one on the assessment of his value as a breadwinner and a potential populator of the State. If people of this mentality can get bread and children, why bother about this higher education? Again, the soldier has a very meticulous idea of his value. Whereas the poilu, or French soldier, will cheerfully take his life in his hand for about one of those white casino chips, like a *cachet fièvre*, a week, the British soldier will do the same for about two shillings and threepence and raise Cain if he can't get another threepence to which he may be entitled. Soldiering was such a thing of the very distant past that it didn't seem possible, yet many thousands, including myself, from incipient softening of the brain, depression or maudlin sentiment, have found themselves back in the game again. The same old game, too, only more so. In the last war, the Boer War and, probably, even in the Punic Wars, the conflict itself became to the ordinary soldier merely a side issue and an incentive to the real battle between himself and D.O.S., A.D.O.S., D.A.D.O.S. and other like people with Greek terminations to their titles. These are not, as might be supposed, various ranks in the Oddfellows' Society. D.A.D.O.S. really stands for Desperately Anti-Dishing-Out Stores, and his authorities and evasions are Machiavellian. Of him it was said in the Good Book, "If ye ask for bread he will give

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

ye a scone; neither can a man gather pigs off whistles." It is only necessary to indent for, say, a cap S.D. (service dress) for an authority to be quoted against your drawing it. If this can be snookered after a suitable delay you will probably receive a "cap's bad character" 1, this being an extraordinary article of clothing issued to a man discharged "with ignominy," while the blue-eyed boy leaves bareheaded as far as the Army is concerned. After a sheaf of correspondence this garment of shame will be taken back, but by this time your crafty opponent has had your equipment altered to "Glengarries" and orders you to hand in all the S.D. caps you already have. This knock-down blow can, however, be countered at a very slight expense. Any "old clo'" merchant can produce worn-out S.D. caps at jumble-sale price and so long as the numbers are right you have complied with orders. The heterogeneous collection of badges on them can be argued about till the next war comes along. It is all very wearying, but armies cannot exist without it. Another thing that the "dug-out" has to learn is the initials for every single thing, person or document which are universally employed. This is so deeply ingrained in the professional soldier that, playing the other day on a golf course, whose seventh hole is situated

at the junction of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, he inquired of the caddy whether Y.D.S. on the tee box meant Yorkshire, Derbyshire Society. "No. Just yards" replied the scornful porter with a smirk. And now, after about ten years of writing this page, the exigencies of the Service will probably not permit and I am handing over to a fellow scribe whose sense of humour is outstanding. In trying every week to be mildly facetious mostly about the very good friends who abound on all racecourses it is difficult never to give offence, and for any I may inadvertently have given I am sorry. Here's looking forward to the first Newmarket meeting after the armistice and — Hitler.

\* \* \*

Next year's Grand National will be run at Aintree on April 5, and the conditions as announced in the last issue of the *Racing Calendar* are that a horse that is qualified for entry must have been placed first, second or third by the judge in a steeplechase worth £80 to the winner, the distance of the steeplechase having been three or more miles; or the horse must have been placed in the first three in any steeplechase run at Aintree; or

he must have won a steeplechase of any distance the value of the race to the winner being £500. The race will be a plate of £5,000.

\* \* \*

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough is this year making a special appeal on behalf of Queen Mary's hospital for the East End, of which the Duke of Marlborough is honorary treasurer. The need for a ready response is particularly urgent as, in view of prevailing conditions, it has been decided to abandon the annual festival dinner, which is usually held in connexion with the annual appeal for funds. Her Majesty Queen Mary, patron of the hospital, takes a keen, personal interest in its work. Any donations sent in response to this appeal, which is warmly supported by Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., should be addressed to the Duchess of Marlborough at Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, Stratford, London, E.15.



MR. AND MRS. D. WIGAN  
ALSO AT GATWICK

Gatwick, like all the meetings these days, had a distinctly martial touch. Mr. D. Wigan is in the Brigade of Guards. As to the steeplechasing it was first-class, with the right kind of going underfoot



# THE QUORN IN WARPAINT

## THE LIFE GUARDS' DAY AT WIDMERPOOL



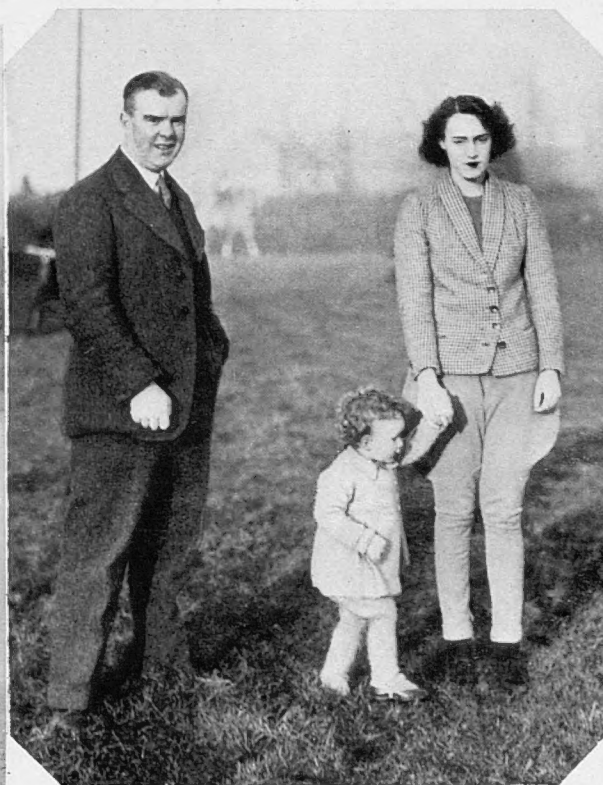
CAPTAIN P. HERBERT, WELL-KNOWN G.R., MR. N. P. FOSTER AND  
CAPTAIN SIR GERARD FULLER



MRS. E. J. L. SPEED, WIFE OF  
THE C.O., AND MISS LEAF



MR. TIM CADMAN AND  
MRS. VAN CUTSEM



Photos: Howard Barrett  
MR. WELLESLEY WITH LADY CECILIA  
SMILEY AND HER SON, DAVID



LORD ALLERTON TAKES  
A DAY OFF FROM THE R.A.F.

War or no war it is on record that the Quorn have been killing their fox a day and in the process giving any one lucky enough to be with them all their time to stay with them. This fixture at Widmerpool New Inn was mainly for the Life Guards. The M.F.H. has a soft spot for the Household Cavalry as his son, Mr. Edric Nutting, is in the Blues. Sir Harold Nutting himself was a 17th Lancer. The wife of the C.O. of the Lifeguards is seen in one of the top pictures. Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. L. Speed was with the regiment in the last war. Very few go better over a country anywhere. Sir Gerard Fuller, adjutant of the regiment, is in peace time the mainstay of the polo team, and Captain Herbert in the same group is one of the many who ride well between the flags. Lady Cecilia Smiley, who was part of the infantry, is a half sister of Lord Cowley and Lord Allerton, formerly Coldstream, is now R.A.F.





PAUL MUNI AND JANE BRYAN

That brilliant character actor Paul Muni, whose portrayal of Juarez was the most recent of a series of astonishingly vivid historical studies forsakes costume parts for his new film, *We Are Not Alone*, just finished by Warner Brothers. Also in the film, which is taken from the novel by James (*Lost Horizon*) Hilton, are Jane Bryan and the superb English tragic actress, Flora Robson

WHY on earth does nobody film *Great Expectations*? Or, if it has been filmed—and it is at the back of my mind that the Swedes had a good shot at it in the silent days—why is it not re-filmed? The question arises because the Dickens novel has just been successfully dramatized at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre, and though I much enjoyed the performance I was all the time haunted by the feeling that here was matter for a grand film, if only for the reason that half the novel must in any stage version perforce be omitted. One of my spare-time hobbies is the game of ideal casting. In this I do not respect contracts by which a film player is bound to any particular company, and I have, of course, no regard whatever for expense. Neither has Hollywood! My choice is not limited by the fact that a character may be too small for a big player, or too big for a little one. When the part and the actor fit, I marry the two and that's the end of it. Consider, for example, Trabb's boy. Dickens being something out of fashion in these days of Joyce and Huxley, I shall let G. K. Chesterton bring Trabb's boy to life again for any reader who has forgotten him:

It is the real unconquerable rush and energy in this character which was the supreme and quite indescribable greatness of Dickens. He conquered by rushes; he attacked in masses; he carried things at the spear point in a charge of spears; he was the Rupert of Fiction. The point about any figure of Dickens, about Sam Weller or Dick Swiveller, or Micawber, or Bagstock, or Trabb's boy—the thing about each one of these persons is that he cannot be exhausted. A Dickens's character hits you first on the nose, and then in the waistcoat, and then in the eye, and in the waistcoat again, with the blinding rapidity of some battering engine. The scene in which Trabb's boy continually overtakes Pip in order to reel and stagger as at a first encounter is a thing quite within the real competence of such a character; it might have been suggested by Thackeray, or George Eliot, or any realist. But the point with Dickens is that there is a rush in the boy's rushings; the writer and the reader rush with him. They start with him, they stare with him, they stagger with him, they share an inexpressible vitality in the air which emanates from this violent and capering satirist. Trabb's boy is among other things a boy; he has a physical rapture in hurling himself like a boomerang and in bouncing to the sky like a ball.

Exactly! On the pictures what could be better than Trabb's boy strutting along the pavement attended by his delighted friends, "pulling up his shirt collar, twining his side-hair, sticking an arm akimbo, smirking extravagantly by, while wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Suggestion for a Dickens Film

yah!" But in a play there is no room for Trabb's boy, because by the conditions of playmaking not enough happens to make a street scene worth while, and the fellow is essentially of the street. Now who should play Trabb's boy? And the answer, of course, is Mickey Rooney! Again what, on the screen could be better than a shot of the outside of Mr. Wemmick's castle with the real flagstaff, the real drawbridge and portcullis, and that piece of ordnance which was a Stinger mounted in a lattice-work fortress and protected from the weather by an ingenious tarpaulin contrivance of the nature of an umbrella? Alas, that for purely mechanical reasons whoever puts this novel on the stage must say good-bye to all this! Still on the screen, what could be better than five minutes of Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet, preferably the scene in the churchyard "which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side and a turnpike-gate on the other?" Or two minutes of Mr. Waldengarver saying to Pip, "You must have observed, gentlemen, an ignorant and blatant ass, with a rasping throat and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the rôle (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius, King of Denmark!" Now let us have a little more casting. For Pip the boy I suggest Freddie Bartholomew if he is not already too big. For Pip the young blacksmith and afterwards man of means, Robert Taylor. This, naturally, brings up Joe Gargery, and here I should insist upon having Ralph Richardson. For Estella I venture to mention Margaret Lockwood who would be hers, and if she failed she could always throw the blame on Dickens who, in this character, has created the perfect type of female cad. Wallace Beery could take Magwitch in his stride, W. C. Fields would make an admirable Uncle Pumblechook, and for Mr. Wopsle I should choose whoever America considers its leading actor of the year. As a matter of fact, Alfred Lunt would play him superbly! But we still haven't settled the Ménage Wemmick, which is left out of the current play. Consider the picture, and readers do not, I hope, have to be told that "the Aged" is Mr. Wemmick's father and Miss Skiffins his fiancée, "I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick. We ate the whole of the toast, and drank tea in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged, especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause of repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant, who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things, in a trifling ladylike amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then she put on her green gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said: 'Now, Aged Parent, tip us the paper.'" The Aged Parent seems to me as obviously Lionel Barrymore as Miss Skiffins is Jean Cadell. But with the part of Wemmick himself I am stumped, and I must leave the casting of him to the reader's ingenuity. Here he is as Pip first saw him: "I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin, wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years. His mouth was such a post office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all." There is some actor here at the back of my mind, but I cannot name him. Two characters about which I am not stumped at all are Miss Havisham and Herbert Pocket. These are radiantly played at the Rudolf Steiner by Miss Martita Hunt and Mr. Alec Guinness, and I see no reason whatever to suppose that these same players should not be equally radiant in these characters on the screen



## FILM FAN FARE



JANICE LOGAN

This charming member of Paramount's "Golden Circle" of young stars was last seen in the West End with the now nearly adult boy star, Jackie Cooper, in *What a Life*, which is to be generally released on January 1. In it she has the part, unkind to her glamorous appearance, of a prim school-teacher, but gets her chance at the end when, school notwithstanding, the exigencies of the story permit her to reveal her charm as in the above picture



PAULETTE GODDARD

Apart from her work in Charlie Chaplin's current hush-hush topical farce, *The Dictator*, which is said to be well on its way to completion, Paulette Goddard has been busy lately outside the Chaplin studio. She was seen recently at the Plaza in Paramount's horror film, *The Cat and the Canary*, which will be generally released in the New Year, and also plays the part of Miriam in the M.-G.-M. version of *The Women*, which contains almost a complete gallery of Hollywood's feminine talent





MISS PAMELA HINKSON,  
AUTHOR OF "IRISH GOLD"

Katharine Tynan's talented daughter has written a book over which Mr. Richard King was very enthusiastic in his notes in these pages. Miss Hinkson's previous books, "The Ladies' Road" and "Seventy Years Young," the reminiscences of Elizabeth Lady Fingall, likewise had a big success

angry sea. What does it matter, therefore, if this inner loneliness inclines some people to believe anything, so long as it is the fulfilment of their secret wish-thinking? Always provided that their faith does not lead to persecution, they will be the happier, and so the better, for it. For myself I am always interested in varied forms of belief. None of them convert me, but nevertheless I am enthralled by the psychological significance which each one portrays. The struggle has been, is, and will be, endless by which men hope desperately to convince themselves that this life is not all; is, indeed, only a prelude to some finer and lovelier self-fulfilment in the æons of time to come.

Love, for example, seems to be its own final argument in this endless reunion. The deeper the sorrow the firmer the hope. None of us, or very, very few, can stand detached from his own destiny—in this life or in the belief of any other. We may appear as so many ants running hither and thither when viewed from the top of a mountain, but in the eye of each ant the mountain is merely a molehill, something impressive but unimportant in the background. Who knows but perhaps the real ants regard us in much the same way? Each one is the universe—pay lip-acknowledgment to the physical world as we may. So it is natural we should feel ourselves greater, more eternal; until, peradventure, the mountain erupts and buries us. Even so, faith in some never-ending destiny buoys us up by the belief that our personality has the last word after all. Thus we believe—and if there is slight evidence to bolster up that belief there is also slight evidence to destroy it.

Therefore, apart from the sad but interesting chapter in autobiography which Mrs. Clare Sheridan reveals in her new book, "Without End" (Cassell; 10s. 6d.), it is enthralling as a confession of faith in the theory of reincarnation. Well, there is much to be said for this belief. It is

#### A Story of Reincarnation.

WHATEVER a man's faith may be, instinctively I respect it. Perhaps because I have so little of my own. Maybe also I envy him. Faith seems to me just about the only thing left which gets you happily and peacefully, and—shall we say?—triumphantly through life. Moreover, it matters little what this faith may be so long as it is steadfastly believed. So many of us are floundering; some desperately, some in that kind of indifference which follows despair. Anything to hold on to. Any kind of rock which seems to promise a foothold. Any kind of harbour which appears to shut out the

undoubtedly more reasonable than the orthodox theory of everlasting Heaven or everlasting hell the moment after you have drawn your last breath. Even the theory of Nirvana only appears to be rather like a well-earned holiday after the turmoil of life and preparatory to whatever kind of turmoil comes next. And it is a strange fact that certain periods of the history of the human world appeal to us, like some memory of actual experience, while other periods leave us stone-cold. Why this should be, I know not. Neither do I know why some people revolt from eating tripe—tripe only as an example—while others adore it! What is taste? What is instinctive adoration, instinctive dislike? A memory, or the result of some physical chemical reaction? Yet we all have these unreasoned prejudices against, these equally unreasoned appreciations.

We may not believe that we have actually lived before, but the fact remains that something within us seems more "at home" in certain periods of history and utterly and completely a stranger in other periods not less picturesque. For myself it was Ancient Greece and at the latter end of the eighteenth century. In between, if I were anything at all, I was completely dead! I have never been to Greece—which, perhaps, is just as well, since I understand modern Greece would dismay the ancients—but I have only to step inside an eighteenth-century building and I am strangely at home and at peace. Mrs. Sheridan's book, however, shows the theory of reincarnation as an eternal human pattern in which we not only meet again those we have loved or hated, but in our re-association with them we go one step further in the fulfilment of what we will become and, in a muddled, frustrated way, already are—the seed, that is. She herself is convinced that not only was she alive when the glory that was Greece was most glorious, but at another period she was a nun in a French convent, the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and once again his mother when he returned as the incarnation of her son, Dick Sheridan, who died a few years ago at the age of twenty-one—a brilliant youth who seemed to possess all the main characteristics of his famous ancestor. Between mother and son—I speak of their twentieth-century reincarnation—there was a bond of love and understanding which was so tremendous, so unusual, as almost to convince the world and each other that their mutual intimate knowledge was the continuation of a close relationship in the dead past—which, in this faith, never really dies.

Yet in the communion of tastes they had often little in common. Dick Sheridan's passion was the sea. Several times in his short life he escaped to sail before the mast as an ordinary seafaring hand. His mother, of course, could not follow him. Nevertheless, there was a kind of spiritual understanding between them which transcended all doubt, all disappointment, all those inevitable spiritual chills which are inseparable between people even in love. This passion for adventure, moreover, hung like the sword of Damocles over the mother's head. For her son was to inherit a family property in Dorset which for centuries had lain under a curse. Never would the eldest son inherit, so tradition went, and never did he inherit. Poor Dick Sheridan survived the curse only a short time after becoming owner of the property. He died in his twenty-second year—a young man whose promise was brilliant in the extreme, whose character and personality made that kind of impression on his contemporaries which is rarely vouchsafed even to men who die in old age.

The account of his death and the effect which it had on his mother, who writes of it, is so intimate, so painful,

(Continued on page 394)



MRS. W. R. MARSHALL

The new Deputy Commandant for the Northern Division Women's Auxiliary Fire Service, L.C.C. The beehive of industry is on the Albert Embankment, and the highly efficient officer seen in the picture is eminently the right woman in the right place





Fred. Daniels

O that man's heart were as fire, and could spring to her,  
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
 For the stars and the winds are unto her  
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that one can but admire the courage which must have been required to lay bare the facts. But it is an essential part of this twin-life-story and leads up to the second part of the book which deals with the close association between mother and son even after death had intervened. She writes: "There is *ever* great sorrow in the spirit world when a soul goes forth to what we call *birth*. There is always great sorrow on the earth plane when a soul is released, which we call *death*. In either case we part temporarily with our friends. It is not really a parting, for we are always in touch with those to whom we are bound by love or by old association. In the spirit world a physical birth is a matter for great sadness, because they know what incarnation in the physical entails. It is a period of probation, of learning through a series of experiences that which is necessary for the soul's advancement." And thus it came about that shortly after her son's death Mrs. Sheridan got into complete contact with him through a form of involuntary writing. From this they discovered that after the barriers had gradually become thinner and thinner they were able to converse with each other. So that to-day they are more closely associated than even they were when both lived on the physical plane.

To a certain extent her dead son encouraged her to write this book. It is his almost as much as hers. Granted you share the same belief, I can imagine that the book will prove as valuable a testimonial to your faith as any you have read. Granted, on the other hand, that you do not, or cannot, share the same faith, the book will yet remain one of absorbing interest, beautifully written, one of the most intimate autobiographies which has ever been published. Incidentally, one message given from the spiritual plane concerns the world of to-day. The war—as those of us who lived through the years 1914-18 know war—*isn't going to happen!* Briefly, apart from other spiritual influences against it, the men who died in the Great War are working desperately on the other side to avert a second human catastrophe. Who will win? Well, the queerness of the present war is still to most of us unaccountable. This message, of course, came through during the crisis of 1938.

At any rate, here is a book of intense and varied interest; a life-story leading up to a tremendous declaration of faith. A belief in reincarnation and the ever-recurrent human threads which, as each physical life is lived, slowly evolve a definite pattern which ultimately will become permanent on the spiritual plane.

## Thoughts from "Without End."

"When we realise the reason of our suffering we cease to rail against destiny and set ourselves to learn

all that we can in order that the experience that has assailed us may not have been in vain."

"The relationship that is totally devoid of discords does not exist. But even discords can be precious."

"I believe that when religion is an inner mystic sensation, an essence of truth devoid of dogma, you are attuned to all the religions of the world."

## Tenderly "Debunking" Baby.

Let us leave seriousness, however, and welcome the entirely amusing "The First Six Months are the Worst," (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), by Harold Hutchinson, with drawings by James Fitton, which is really very funny indeed. Briefly, it is a tender "debunking" of His Majesty the Baby. Most people, when they think of babies, picture something pink and white and yet human, smiling placidly in a pram; or, peradventure, in a bath, or, peradventure again, peacefully asleep in mother's arms. This amusing book shows you, however, just what comes to parents amid, so to speak, the rearguard of clouds of glory. We proceed from month to month—and each day of each month presents us with a fresh problem. Meanwhile, the daily problems still go on. "Baby's meals are usually simple—but mealtimes are not. Before the meal can begin baby must be potted; then he must be lifted into his high chair; then he must be strapped in; then he must have his bib tied on; then he must be fed, and from time to time during the meal he may have to be re-potted and 'seen to,' and he must have his face and hands wiped frequently. . . ."

"Do not be surprised at the odd things baby can do at mealtimes. He may think it very funny suddenly to sweep all his food on to the floor—and, after all, when Charlie Chaplin did it we all thought it very funny. He may suddenly think that milk is a good hair tonic. . . . He may suddenly decide that plates are unnecessary and the tray of his high chair the ideal dish—and if you've supplied him with porcelain dishes in these Bakelite days, more fool you. So that even your ideal baby will provide you with plenty of excitement (and, we hope, amusement) at mealtimes. Quite frequently

he will *prove* to you not only how much he appreciates your food but how well he digests it—but this is not so amusing, especially if visitors are present." Well, here is the perfect Christmas present for the young couple with a sense of humour who have just become parents, as well as for the old hands who remember the reality without having forgotten the ecstasy, and can laugh at both. And the pages entitled "A Slightly Shorter Oxford Dictionary of Baby Language" should be given to all relatives and fussy female friends.



Studio Pias

## THE WORLD-FAMOUS COLETTE

The great French writer's radio talks on Sunday afternoon from Paris are greatly looked forward to by her quite countless admirers. Colette has recently been broadcasting to the States, together with the actor Charles Boyer and various members of the Comédie Française, at the unearthly hour of 3 a.m.

# FIGHTING UNITS: No. 11



## A ROYAL SIGNALS TRAINING UNIT—BY "MEL"

Just because the Royal Corps of Signals is not quite so intimately concerned with villainous saltpetre as some others, this does not make it any the less a battle-fighting unit. Even in these times, when signalling has gone a long way ahead from the flag-wagging and helio days, its most important work is done in a zone where things are apt to fly about and hit people. This unit, whose C.O. and officers "Mel" collected somewhere that has to be nameless, has, it will be observed, one officer who could almost be utilised as an aerial!

NEXT WEEK: No. — GROUP, R.A.F.





Holloway  
DR. G. S. STURTRIDGE'S XV., WHICH BEAT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY  
AT NORTHAMPTON

The Northampton Saints not functioning this season, Dr. G. S. Sturtridge has organised and skips this powerful side this season, and it was at full strength when it beat Cambridge 9 points to 6 in this recent tussle, the "gate" of which was given to the Northampton General Hospital

The names in the group are: (l. to r.; seated) R. G. Hurrell, R. O. Baillon, Dr. G. S. Sturtridge (captain), R. J. Longland, F. Jeffcoate, R. C. Powell; (standing) J. T. Bradley, K. Rutherford, H. Good, D. Pollard, A. J. Wood, C. Wood, S. E. F. Fettes, D. W. A. Vann

THERE is nothing to deter anyone from wishing everyone else a Merry Christmas, and still less to deter him or her from adding the other part of this old-time salutation. I do both, with a sincere hand on my heart and an optimism that is not flaming, but steady-burning. That is the better kind. Flaming in either direction is so apt to leave you flat when things do not go as you have hoped and believed they should. Unhappily, at this moment the world stands before a door to which it has found no key, and also before a veil past which it cannot see, and there is so much talk of You and Me and t'Other Chap, and time is slipping underneath our feet—we know very little about Unborn Tomorrow and have profited nothing from Dead Yesterday—we may be starting for the Dawn of Nothing, but why worry? What's the use? Mizzling never did any good and it never will. The only recipe for jumping any country is—look over the tops of them, never at the roots; and furthermore, keep your chin well tucked in, for that will minimise the chance of



MISS DIANA BELL AND MISS ANN POË

Both now in the 9th Devon Women's Transport Service, and both well known out hunting and point-to-pointing. Miss Diana Bell, daughter of the renowned Ikey, has won 48 point-to-points. Mr. Ikey Bell's last pack was the South and West Wilts

as imaginary as we, who pride ourselves upon being hard, matter-of-fact sort of creatures, affect to think. Not so long ago I was severely taken to task by one very distinguished correspondent in Ireland, and by many more not so distinguished, for daring to doubt.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell was not one of them, but it was conveyed to me that the objectors had his full support and sympathy. I never said I did not believe: all I ventured was that the fairies had not, so far, done me any harm—and yet . . . Have you not met that house that is "hooky," that will always make you late, that will lose things and always have a hand that grabs you and holds you back? It is the kind of house exactly like some people who will always try to make you believe that you have got "lots of time" and who not only glory in being late themselves, but get quite angry if you do not let them make you late also. They usually are of that kind that would charm a bird off a tree.

They never remember anything; they have always the best of intentions, but I am convinced that they are in league with pixies, who are also rated most charming persons but incurably wedded to mischief. You should never have anything to do with people like this if fox-hunting is the matter in hand. They prefer to make you arrive half an hour after hounds have moved and maybe have found a fox, sitting up and waiting for them, at their

## Pictures in the Fire

breaking your neck in the event of what someone called a "beggar-my-eyes of a buster." So, in spite of our Christmas-pudding being boiled in a witch's cauldron, here's how!

\* \* \*

This is generally held to be the time of year that is spooky, and whether you believe in those things—fairies and suchlike—there are occasionally happenings that make you ask if "Thim People" are



Howard Barrett

MAJOR ABEL SMITH AND COLONEL MARSH

At the rough shoot to which Colonel Marsh and Mr. Beckett invited officers of the Household Cavalry. Major Abel Smith, who married the daughter of H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, is in the Blues



A GRAFTON WARTIME PICTURE

In the foreground, Colonel Cross and Miss Douglas-Pennant at a recent fixture at Wicken. Lord Hillingdon, famous former Master, has taken over temporary command as Lord Cadogan has gone off battle-fighting, and naturally no one better than Lord Hillingdon could be found

## By "SABRETACHE"



Howard Barrett

## ALSO AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE SHOOT

The Duke of Roxburghe, who is in the Blues, and Mr. D. de C. Smiley, same regiment, two more of the guests at the shoot arranged by Colonel Marsh and Mr. Beckett, who is a well-known hunting farmer

"future" as all that—and might be that very night. There is one in the Atherstone country from which two unfortunate people were dragged by the orders of Bloody Mary and burnt at the stake; there is another in which someone's great-great-great-aunt Arabella turns nasty if you happen to sleep on the side of a very big bed which was hers and from which she was also dragged and painfully slain. It was the time of the Civil War. She was a Royalist and she had an unfortunate affair with a subaltern in the Oxford Blues, a cavalry regiment now called just the Blues. There is another house, a castle "somewhere in Eire," out of which two strong men said they were chucked neck-

first draw. If you allow these persons to get the better of you, all that you may ever see that day will be droves of second horsemen and motors and horse-boxes trundling off to the nearest point with a telephone and a pub. These persons, I am fully convinced, are in close league with those other persons who stop cows giving their full ration of milk and who make pigs act in a way that no well-behaved pig should.

\* \* \*  
Reverting to houses, there are those that snarl and bare their fangs at you; there are those that freeze you, no matter how good the fires and how hot the bath-water, and there are some that make you feel what has happened in them before and what is most certainly going to happen in them at some future time, which might not be as

and-crop by some things called Neutrarians, bigger than any gorilla and ten times as strong. They told me that these things are protoplasm, which materialises when it does not happen to like you, and is quite capable of twisting your neck or taking you up and breaking you in half over its knee. Very awkward and unpleasant. What, then, may or may not be in all this, there it is, and all that we can do is to take what change out of it we can.

\* \* \*  
Christmas is not exactly the time of year



Holloway

## THE CAMBRIDGE SIDE V. DR. STURTRIDGE'S XV.

For the enemy, who won by 9 points to 6 at Northampton, see the opposite page. It was a fine hearty game all the way over, with not much in it at the finish

The names in the group are: (l. to r.; seated) D. Barnes, E. Dickinson, J. P. Stephens, J. H. Steeds, M. G. Webber, E. R. Knapp; (standing) J. E. C. Nicholl, L. E. Grose, R. P. Sinclair, W. N. White, J. H. Chandler, J. Gibson, R. Cozier; (in front) P. G. Henwood, C. S. M. Stephen

when we want either to talk about or think about spies, but things being as they are, the Military Censorship Department thinks that we ought to do so. The Department desires that it should be known that the "control of the posting of Christmas cards, greetings cards and calendars to certain other countries which are censorable is necessary, because in the last war enemy agents made extensive use of this type of printed matter for conveying information to Germany through neutral countries."

I think it is desirable to add that "cards and calendars" were not the only vehicles, and that books, newspaper cuttings, trade circulars, and even tradesmen's bills, fully receipted, were used. So be wary—or at least, as wary as you can. There were some other things used also, but I cannot remember what they were, and I do not suppose that there are any fewer enemy agents knocking about to-day than there were in 1914-18—but they may have learnt a few new tricks. The people who have to do with spy-catching, assure me that it is not the German spy who is a German that takes the most hooking!



## ANOTHER GRAFTON PICTURE

The Misses Atkinson, taken on the same day as the facing picture, when these hounds met at Wicken, which is near Stony Stratford. Most hunts are carrying on somehow or other, but the Grafton are particularly lucky to have Lord Hillingdon, their former Master, ready to take command



## YEHUDI MENUHIN, CHARMING WIFE AND DAUGHTER

The younger lady was only six weeks old when this picture was taken in Chicago, on Mrs. Menuhin's arrival from Australia. Mrs. Menuhin is an Australian, and is the former Miss Nola Nicholas. Yehudi himself was born in New York





VIC OLIVER SIGNS HIS  
AUTOGRAPH FOR MISS BRAND

A thrilling moment for Lady Rosabelle Brand's only daughter. Vic Oliver is now the new acquisition to the Savoy Cabaret, and whilst he is on, even makes people forget that they have to pay for this most expensive war

I HAVE met ninety-seven corpses within the last few weeks. This pleasure-giving hecatomb of dead men, women and children proves satisfactorily that the writers of the Crime Club, far from being intimidated or depressed by the war, are continuing to use their blunt instruments to land some pretty shrewd blows of their own. It has been a good month for thrillers. I have watched with pleasure the killing or poisoning or executing of baronets, millionaires, glamour girls, black-mailers, prying butlers, poison-letter writers, nasty little children, corrupt politicians, rich aunts, obscene dowagers and thin-lipped judges. Virtue has been triumphant every time, and the detectives have simply radiated that delicious and really quite revolting gentlemanliness which is peculiar to the combination of Scotland Yard and the old school tie.

We should not forget, in passing, to salute these dead people. They died horribly, and shall continue to die horribly, in the service of the public. They, too, died for civilisation. They, too, have died honourably to help us fight against evil things, such as conversation in trains and bridge with relations.

Eleven of them, all able-bodied citizens in good standing, were recently bumped-off, entirely for our amusement, in one book alone. I refer to the best thriller which has been written in many a long year. Its title is "Ten Little Niggers," and it is so excellent that I simply could not put it down until it finished me.

The writer of this satanic masterpiece is a gentlewoman who conceals her bloodthirsty tastes beneath the respectable Scots name of Mrs. Agatha Christie, and she deserves our deep gratitude because, for year after year, she has been leading us by the nose up the garden path. Let us salute Mrs. Christie, for she has given us two of the five finest detective stories of the last thirty years. These are "The Skeleton Key," by the late Bernard Capes (probably out of print); "The Maltese Falcon," by Dashiell Hammett; "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie; "The Mask of Dimitrios," by Eric Ambler; and now, "Ten Little Niggers," by Agatha Christie. There is also a master called Michael Innes, whom I recommend to big thinkers. This guy Innes has got something.

But let us not lose our heads with admiration. I have a quarrel with Mrs. Christie, and with nearly all writers of

## THE CHASTITY OF MURDERERS

By MICHAEL ARLEN

English crime-stories. Let me implore their attention while I tell them, in all humility, that the irreproachable morals of their murderers and murderesses are wearing us down: that the puritanical restraint of their most blood-thirsty criminals is getting on our nerves; and that the delicate sexual conduct of their most degenerate homicidal maniacs is giving us a pain. To sum up, the unassailable chastity of all these people, both victims and villains, any one of whom is about to kill or be killed at any moment, is getting a bit too thick altogether.

Criminals are far from being so darn respectable in real life. As far as one can judge from newspaper reports, murderers in active practice are men and women of, apparently, normal sexual development. They have fun. They indulge. They sin. Their flesh is weak. Dr. Crippen's flesh, for example, was as weak as dammit. So was Patrick Mahon's. While as for Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Bywaters, they dared all for love, and what they knew about it was plenty. Even the late Mr. Smith, who kept up the disagreeable practice of drowning brides in baths a little too long, was not also accused of having failed in his conjugal duties to the poor girls. One really hesitates to think what would have happened to Smith had he and his brides been characters in a murder-story by a contemporary writer. The whole thing would have been reversed, just to keep it clean. The brides would have strangled Mr. Smith for daring to suggest dishonouring them before doing them in.

In ordinary novels, in which people die in bed of old age—only just before the reader does, at that—we do not find this remarkable asceticism. Pick up a contemporary library novel, and you will find men and women leaping or sidling furtively into bed together, very seldom because they really want to, but for the most unlikely reasons—because they dislike each other, or were unhappy as children, or out of pique, or just because—this gets them every time—they live in the country. I myself have introduced a bit of dirty work into my town novels, but this is very pale stuff compared with what appears to go on in the quiet, unsullied countryside. Living on downs and moors, in valleys and on wolds, appears to have a very amorous effect on characters in novels, in spite of acute discomforts which would deter people who don't live on wolds or in rectories. In fact, these "unsullied countryside" novels, nearly all of them written by respectable ladies, are very hot indeed, and to account for this, one can only imagine, reluctantly, that the nice old girls who write them must have got around quite a bit before settling down.

But such goings-on most decidedly do not occur in thrillers. Take the case of "Ten Little Niggers"—which, I repeat, is top of its class. Here are ten people in a comfortable house on a small island cut off from the mainland. Three are women. One of these is done-in bang off; another would have remained respectable, even in a novel by a lady; but the third and youngest is a quite attractive piece. But does anything happen to her—apart, of course, from being killed? With all those men milling around her, and all of them pretty dirty dogs at that, is any dishonourable suggestion made to her? Even so much as an arch hint of zizipompom? Mind you, she is alone with these chaps. People are being bumped-off right and left. Any one of them might be the killer, the girl included. But about the only time she could not kill anyone or conceal a blunt instrument about her person would be when she was in a good and proper compromising situation. Does this occur to these respectable criminals? They seek protection from each other by keeping together all day long. But at night, preferring death



ONE NIGHT IN TOWN

The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, wife of the Equerry to his Majesty and formerly the widow of the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, and Lord and Lady Grenfell, who is a daughter of Mrs. Piers Legh. The picture was snapped at Quaglin's famous rendez-vous

(Continued on page vi)

*Peter North***THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE—OLIVER MESSEL'S ATTRACTIVE SISTER**

The marriage of the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Messel to the Earl of Rosse took place in 1935, and there are two small sons, the little Lord Oxmantown, who was three in October, and a younger brother, who arrived in 1938. Mr. Oliver Messel, Lady Rosse's second brother, has won much fame as an artist and stage designer, and, like so many more who have succeeded, is a product of the Slade School and a pupil of John Wells



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER—Please don't blame me if my letters take long to arrive. At time of writing (always at time of writing), there is no air mail from Paris, for civilians, at all events, and the least said about the rapidity of the postal arrangements on land and sea, soonest mended. What Paris thinks about the U.R.S.S. attack on Finland will be very ancient history by the time this reaches you, and maybe the Big Bad Bear already will have realised what effect his policy of frightfulness—hit first and don't apologise—has on neutral Powers, great and small. Meanwhile we can but smile, with a queasy, sick feeling at the pit of ye tum-tum, at those strange people who call themselves Pacifists and issue a certain little magazine (in 5 in. by 8 in. yellow covers) in which I read, amongst other hair-raising statements, that "The only inherently pacific great Power in the world to-day is Russia!" No comments.

Just now we are welcoming home our first batch of *permissionnaires*. The evening I went to meet my stable-mate at the Gare de l'Est, the leave-trains were arriving in quick succession, and it was not too easy to find one's own particular male amongst the khaki crowd—the colour of a muddy flood-stream and as forceful—that surged along the platform. The amazement of the men, many of whom had been away since the 24th of August, was to find Paris so well lighted, and we, grumbling civilians that we are, stood corrected. They severely declared that the blue gloom which is thought so depressing by most people, but that I find so lovely, is a riot of light compared to the real black-out of the provinces and other places. They were also surprised to find the streets so empty. It was nearly midnight, and they had not realised that Paris theatres, cinemas, and cafés now close at eleven, and that the *metros* and motor-buses cease to run by half-past that hour. Even the first night of the new show at the Casino de Paris, with Maurice Chevalier and Josephine Baker, finished on time, to the amazement of all concerned. "God Save the King" was played at one minute to eleven, and the last notes of the "Marseillaise" that followed coincided with the first strokes of the church clock of the nearby *église de la Trinité*. Maurice and Josephine had already tried out most of their songs when they went to sing for the *poilus* at various bases not far from the Front, and many of the *permissionnaires* present were able to take up the chorus of tunes that were new to us. However, soldiers and civilians united in the clamour that requested the singing of such old favourites as "Ma Pomme" and "Prosper." Maurice has become the Ruth Draper of the *tour de chant*. Without the aid of any special make-up, and only the slight change of a cap for a hat, or a tattered coat for his dinner-jacket, he can give an impression of a dozen different personages, and this, I think, is really rather marvellous. He also sang in English (so did Josephine, of course; and Nita Raya, who missed her stride a bit when she tried to "hang up her washing" in the finale); and his amusing accent in no way detracts from the clearness of his delivery; every syllable is heard right to the back of the big theatre. Every available seat was taken except the promenade, the *strapontins* (those tip-up seats that are one of the horrors of our Paris theatres), and the back rows of the gallery, that stood empty by order of the authorities. All places of entertainment have had their seating capacity cut down by one-third. A big tricolor bouquet on the ledge of the box advertised the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. They were also at the première of Elsa Maxwell's



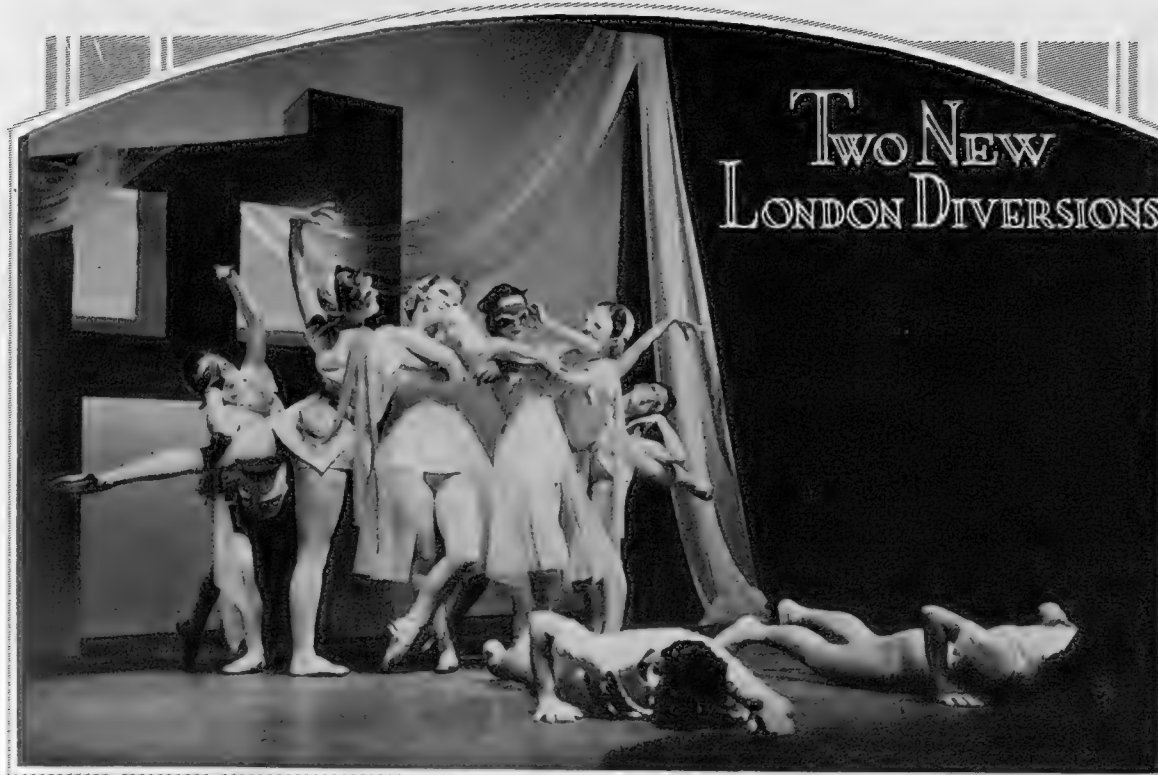
Hay-Wrightson

## THE COMTESSE DE FRAYSSEIX

A welcome and most popular visitor from Paris whenever she honours us in London. The Comtesse was formerly Jacqueline Chaubin, and is the most attractive daughter of the Baron and Baroness Chaubin. The Comte and Comtesse de Fraysseix have a delightful house in Paris, where they are as well liked in society as they are in England.

film début in *Hotel for Women*, and, *jamais deux sans trois*, I again ran into H.R.H. doing a mite of marketing at Hédiard's famous greengrocery shop, where all the Right People (and quite a few of the Wrong) choose their pineapples, alligator pears, leeches, *cœurs de palmier*, and other sweet-tooth supplies. He was pointing out what he wanted with his stick, the ferrule of which often came rather close to the fruit, greatly to the indignation of a dear old Scotch lady, who was obviously short-sighted. "Laddie, laddie—whaur's yer manners—" she began, but the hovering employees pounced in time, and she was promptly "hush-hushed." Which reminds me that one day I had to go to the Continental Hotel, where the various censorship services and propaganda bureaux are housed. I suggest that guides are urgently needed. Once one has got past a barrage of question as to the reason of one's presence in this Palace of Hush-Hush, one finds oneself in a maze of passages in which are doors bearing numbers without sequence. If one raps when one finds the number one hopes is the right one, one gets no answer, and if, after insisting and still getting no reply, one enters, one is usually embarrassed. No! I don't mean what you think I mean, but merely that an angry, beribboned bald-head looks up so crossly from his cross-word, or patience, that one backs out rather hurriedly. However, at the long last I came across Philip Carr, who is a big noise in the Anglo-French Press, and later I ran into Eve Curie, and was also shown where Noel Coward plans great things for the entertainment of the troops . . . but I was *not* able to find the man with whom I had an appointment. If I had, this letter would have been longer.

PRISCILLA.



THE "CZERNYANA" BALLET AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE:  
ONE OF THE TABLEAUX



AND TWO MORE CHARMERS  
IN "CZERNYANA"



IN "WHO'S TAKING LIBERTY?": FREDERICK  
BURTWELL (AN UNLOVELY GOVERNESS)  
AND DOROTHY HYSON (LIBERTY)



THE LOVELY FAIRY GODMOTHER:  
HERMIONE DARNBOROUGH



GERTRUDE MUSGROVE (OBSERVA)  
AND WARREN JENKINS (NEUTRALUS)

The new item of the Ballet Rambert, "Czernyana," by Frank Staff, which had its première at the Duchess recently, is designed presumably to encourage London to get on with the dance and darn the war, and no doubt will achieve this purpose admirably. Miss Pamela Frankau's musical-cum-pantomime show at the Whitehall has also the same object in view, and is imbued with a political topicality, the central idea being two ugly governesses with totalitarian predilections who have very evil designs upon the beautiful damsel Liberty, who finds a particularly charming exponent in Dorothy Hyson. The two sinister hags are Katinka (Frederick Burtwell) and a terrible Gretchen (Reginald Purdell). There is naturally a Prince Charming, played by Margaretta Scott, and a fairy godmother, who is as beautiful as she is good, played by Hermione Darnborough. Neutralus and Observa also serve to convey personalities in the present unpleasant international drama



THE XMAS CARD  
... OF ...  
AN R.A.F. UNIT

By WING-COMMANDER  
E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

Being an uproarious and whimsical drawing based on the gallant and heroic action of three "Sunderland" flying-boats, who rescued the passengers and crew of the "Kensington Court" in September last. That was the first occasion that the crew of a sinking ship had been rescued by aircraft. Stern work, the reality—but we are sure those concerned will welcome this pictorial jest







## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A CERTAIN aged spinster constituted herself O.C. morals in a sleepy old village. One day she dropped in on one called Giles, an old jobbing gardener renowned for his partiality to wine, women and song.

"Giles," she said, "I'm ashamed of you to set such an example, and at this crisis. Why, yesterday I saw your wheelbarrow outside the Fox and Badger for two hours!"

Giles didn't say one word in reply. He left his wheelbarrow all that night outside her house.

A correspondent writes as follows: "My little granddaughter, aged four, was playing one day at being a doctor, and took her favourite doll's temperature. She placed the thermometer in its mouth, walked to the window, examined it, walked solemnly back, shook her head, and said in horrified tones: 'Hundred to eight.' Her home is near Newmarket!"

The drill instructor was barking his orders, and two recruits were finding it extremely difficult to understand what he said.

At the end of a long and rather involved order, one whispered: "Ere, Bill, what did 'e say?"

"I dunno," came the reply from Bill, "but we've got to do it."

Betty's mother tried the familiar method of approach.

"You know, Betty," she explained, "when I was a little girl I had to do what my mother told me, and when grandmother was a little girl she had to do what her mother told her."

"H'm," said Betty. "I wonder who started that silly game!"

A recruit was trying to dodge military service. "I'm afraid my short-sightedness will prevent me from doing any actual fighting," he said.

The M.O. replied cheerfully: "That's all right, old chap. We've got special trenches for the short-sighted ones. Right up close to the enemy—you just can't miss seeing 'em!"

Propped against a tree on the bank of a stream were two of the world's laziest coloured lads. You would have said they were fishing. They dozed there for hours, holding the rods in their hands—and nothing happened.

Finally, one of the lads nudged his slumbering pal. "Say, Sam," he yawned, "yo' has a fish bitin' at de end of yo' line."

Sam opened one eye lazily.

"Doggone," he sighed unhappily. "Ah knew we picked out de wrong stream!"

In a small Scottish town air-raid wardens went round the churches, quietly advising ministers to dismiss the congregations.

But in the case of one, zeal overcame patience. He opened a church door and shouted at the top of his voice: "Get to Hades oot o' here, the whole darned lot o' ye!"

A certain countryman applied for a job on the railway. He was accepted, and told that he must first learn by heart all the rules of the company.

Having successfully managed this task, he was put on a sleeping-car train to assist the conductor. One evening the conductor walked along the corridor and saw a red lantern hanging up near one of the sleeping berths. He called his assistant.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Why," said the new man, "I was only carrying out the rules of the company."

"There's no rule that I know of that tells you to hang a red lantern in the corridor."

The assistant pulled out his book and turned over the pages.

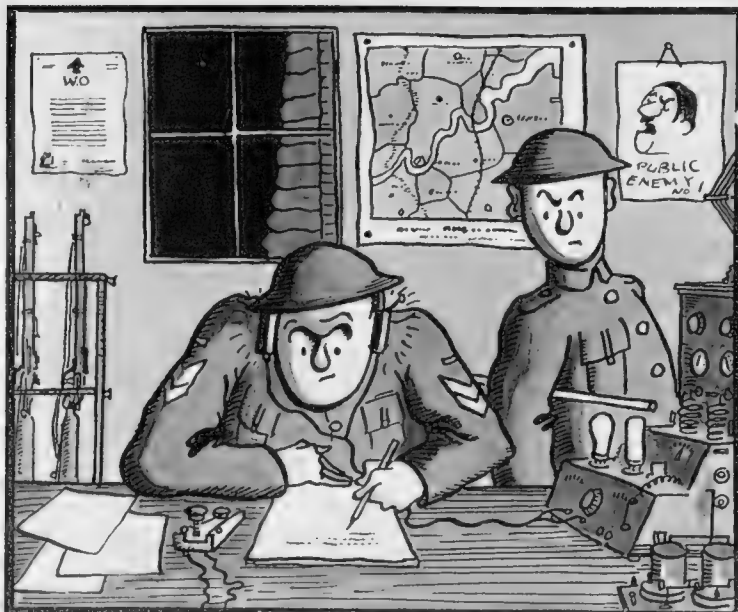
"Rule twenty-seven," he read: "Always hang out a red lantern when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed."



ELIZABETH ALLAN

Now appearing as Judy in Max Catto's new play, *Punch Without Judy*, at the New Theatre, is Elizabeth Allan, well known on stage and screen both here and in the States. Miss Allan was brought up at a Quaker school and made her stage debut at the Old Vic after a period as a kindergarten teacher. For a time she toured with Sir Ben Greet's famous Shakespeare repertory company, and in 1931 made her first film, *Atibi*. Since then she has been starred in many successful British films and went to Hollywood to play in *Men in White* and *David Copperfield*, amongst other things. Miss Allan is in private life Mrs. O'Bryen, and her husband, Major W. J. O'Bryen, is at present serving. Others in the cast of *Punch Without Judy* are Henry Kendall, Marjorie Rhodes and Peter Murray Hill. Max Catto, the author, also wrote that very successful thriller *They Walk Alone*; his novel "Ginger Charley" was published recently

# FOREWARNED, FOREARMED



BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP HIM OUT



UNDERGRADUATE PANTOMIME  
FOR CAMBRIDGE EVACUEES



FAIRIES AND NURSE: MISS J. FORD,  
MISS S. JAMES, AND MISS F. TAYLOR



MR. FREDERICK BRITTAIN  
AND MR. AND MRS. C. H. WILSON



WICKED AUNT GERANIUM (J. A. HOPKINS)  
AND FATHER TIME (H. V. GILDING)



S. M. HILTON AS THE KING, AND  
G. T. MATTHEWS AS PRINCE PERCY



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM: (L. TO R.) S. M. HILTON,  
MISS TAYLOR, M. CLARKE, MRS. STAMMERS, AND  
AUSTIN JACKSON. (BELOW) SOME OF THE AUDIENCE



SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE PRINCE  
MRS. E. D. STAMMERS AND A. JACKSON

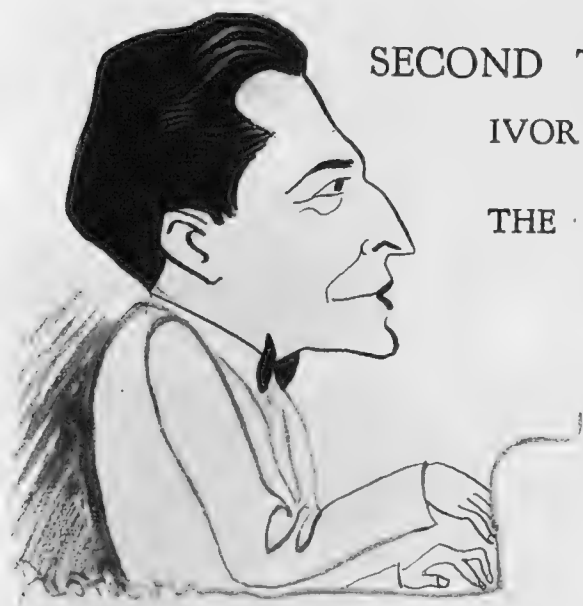
Seven hundred Cambridge evacuees were right well entertained when Jesus undergraduates put on a performance of the old favourite pantomime, *Sleeping Beauty*, for them at the Cambridge Guildhall. The show was one of a series of similar entertainments arranged by the Evacuees' Care Committee of the Cambridge Undergraduates' Council, and, as well as the Jesus undergraduates, girls from Girton co-operated in

the feminine rôles, while the wife of a former Jesus man, Mrs. E. D. Stammers, played the part of the Sleeping Beauty. A don, Mr. C. H. Wilson, acted as musical director, and Mrs. Wilson took the part of the Queen. The pantomime was produced by Mr. Frederick Brittain, and all concerned combined to give the children a show which, as our picture of a section of the audience shows, kept them agog with interest from start to finish



## SECOND TIME LUCKY?

IVOR NOVELLO  
ASKS  
THE QUESTION



## "SECOND HELPING"

(TOP; LEFT) IVOR NOVELLO AND  
WITH DOROTHY DICKSON.

(TOP; RIGHT) MARTIN WALKER  
AND ISABEL JEANS.

(AT BOTTOM) PETER GRAVES



After a successful sighting-shot at Bristol, Ivor Novello's new play came to the Streatham Hill Theatre. It is now at Golder's Green Hippodrome, and the next station after that Brighton, where it opens on Boxing Day for a three weeks' run. Everyone in these "outposts" has been enthusiastic, and the pulsating heart of the great city is certain to give it an equally warm reception when eventually it arrives. Ivor Novello is the "second helping" in matrimony to Dorothy Dickson, whose first was not as digestible as all that. This little comedy is bright and amusing all through, and all hands deserve high praise for their co-operation in the general success. As will be observed, there is a marvellous cast in *Second Helping*. It is preceded by *Song Parade*, in which Olive Gilbert and Muriel Barron appear. They were both associated with Ivor Novello's previous Drury Lane successes. *Song Parade* is a pot-pourri of Ivor Novello's famous song hits



# THE VALHALLA LINE

By  
DOUGLAS NEWTON

"IMPREGNABLE!" said the General. He left the electric train that had carried him so swiftly along the deepest gallery, turned to stare at its electric-lit vistas. Here the great concrete tunnel dipped sharply to conform to the valley so far above them. A hundred yards to his left, seventy to his right, the broad floors and roofs rose steeply as they climbed to accommodate the rising ground above. Even these steep slopes, with their cold, bright, glistening whiteness, impressed the General with a sense of flawless perfection in planning. Not a curve; no configuration of the ground above had been overlooked.

Even the breath of utter satisfaction he drew was a symbol of all-seeing efficiency; it was clear, cool, and perfectly conditioned even at this depth.

He entered one of the fleet of lifts—there were lifts for men, for munitions, for heavy pieces; lifts enough to hoist a brigade to the surface with all its equipment in record time. He soared effortlessly through strata after strata of the world's last word in scientific defence.

The great store gallery—crammed in all its endless chambers with every kind of shell from the heaviest high-explosive to tank-stoppers, to say nothing of the new, deadly, and, to the enemy, yet unknown anti-aircraft ammunition. Crammed, too, with gas retorts and apparatus; with flame-throwers; with every conceivable requirement of war from howitzer spare parts to infantry belt webbing; from rations to feed an army for months, even to extra pots to cook them in.

Higher—the men's dormitories, canteens, recreation-rooms, and the rest. A vast gallery of vast cells, sleeping, feeding, resting, and even healing men by tens of thousands. And all so deep beneath the earth's crust that no explosive known to man could ever get at them. A great warren for men, with every detail so scrupulously thought out that few hotels could equal the scale of it. Even such a detail as the lighting had been considered. Bright-lit though it was, the bulbs were of the daylight type; however sudden the emergency, men could be rushed to the surface without being dazzled and hampered by the change of light.

Higher galleries—the orderly and staff rooms, the control rooms, the big barracks from which companies on duty could be poured into the casemates and resistance, or attacking-points without loss of a moment. The controls of all the mechanism—even the great steel doors that could shut off the section automatically if needs be.

Higher, the actual defence line—casemates, fire-posts, trench system, everything planned and equipped to the last detail with the last word in modern battle weapons: guns of every calibre; machine-gun nests; anti-gas and anti-aircraft equipment; tank traps—everything. Nothing that forethought, science or imagination could devise had been forgotten.

The terrific Valhalla Line, running in concrete and steel the whole length of the frontier, over hills and down valleys, alongside rivers, across flats and plateaux for its hundreds of miles, was the last possible perfection of military might. Nothing that human minds could devise nor human hands could make could possibly shatter it. It was invulnerable, unbreakable—final!

"Impregnable!" the General said again as he stood at the observation window of the concealed main control post. He was looking across the river to the steep valley to where "the other people" had run their own, similar line along the crest of the hills.

"Impregnable! You may think that your position up there gives you an advantage—but it is nothing. If you try to attack us to-morrow morning, as I hope you will, you will learn your lesson. . . . You will never get through here."

His staff laughed at his words. They were as satisfied as he; only Jerome, his Chief of Staff, sighed: "I am almost sorry that the river runs along the foot of our glacis, sir. Otherwise, knowing their recklessness, they might try to rush us: then we could give them what they deserve. As it is, I fear that that water may damp their ardour."

"Be glad of it," the General said. "The wise minds that planned this line saw its value as a moat. It is, in fact, the crowning touch of our defence. Only a madman would risk attempting it, and—who is it in front of us?"

"Sessions—a Brigadier of the old school."

"I know him—an old dodderer. That clinches it. He'll do nothing rash. We may proclaim this line beyond all doubt as impregnable."

"Impregnable, beyond all doubt," the Commander-in-Chief growled, as he stared from the high observation-post down to where he knew, if he could not discern, the Valhalla Line cut the valley below. "And that infernal river clinches it. Without it one might dare a lightning-swift thrust, for true enough it could open up a most effective line of penetration. But to carry that stream, and then get enough troops across to make good the break-through, that will be the devil, my old friend."

"And yet I hold it could be our easiest way, sir," said the grizzled old Brigadier.

"So you have said. So you have said," the Commander-in-Chief rapped impatiently. He was angry with himself for having been led astray by the memory of Sessions' old shrewdness. Now it was plain the fellow was old and slow; yes, and by the same token, impossibly viewy. "More: you have dragged me all the way from H.Q. at this most crucial moment to say it. And yet what have you—yes, or even I—behind me, that can give a glimmer of hope of reducing that incredible bastion?"

"More than hope," Sessions mumbled. "I would call it even a certainty—and with small losses, too—"

"My friend, you are crazy! We are facing the most powerful defences the world has ever known; a line which in scientific planning and equipment is the last word in modern strength—and you talk as lightly about carrying it as—as—well, as you talk of casting one of your pretty trout-flies."

"That is the reason," Sessions said.

"Eh—what?" the Commander-in-Chief gulped.

"Fishing!" the Brigadier said, and as the certainty that he was, indeed, cracked leapt to the other's eyes, he went on quietly. "I have fished these valley streams thousands of times. Ever since I was a boy I have fished them. That is how I know."

The Commander-in-Chief stared hard, yet his eyes narrowed. He was no fool, and Sessions had been shrewd in his sober-sided old way. Also he, better than any man, knew all the tricks and turns of this country—that was why he had been chosen for this post.

"Explain!" he said curtly.

"Look across the valley, sir, at the tree crowning that slight mound right centre. That mound is part of their line, we are sure."

"Most sure. It is probably a very cunning observation-post, and that innocent tree is there as camouflage."

"No, sir. That tree has always been there. I have seen it grow from young wood in my childhood to its present girth. It has always interested me. It is such a tough old tree. Even though I have seen the stream drown it up to what are now the second lot of branches, it has always managed to survive."

"No doubt—most interesting," the Commander-in-Chief muttered wearily, then his eyes blazed. "Drowned? Water three parts up it, you say? But—angels in Heaven! That would mean the whole valley was inundated."

"It was," Sessions said. "That stream overflowed until the whole of that dip down there was under deep water."

"Angels!" the Commander-in-Chief gasped again. "And that would mean that everything beneath would be flooded out."

"Most certainly, sir. Every gallery of the Valhalla Line before us would be flooded out, and the men and equipment inside it drowned. Following the configuration of the ground, as it does, there would be no hope . . ."

"No, by Heaven!—only—er—of course, they would know all about that and take steps to guard—"

"I think not," Sessions said. "There have been no floods since I was a youth—and now I am an old man. Even the countryfolk on our side of the border remember little about them; while they, of the new people over there—they've never even heard of them."

"True, perhaps—but what matter? If there are now no floods, how can we hope to flood their line?" The Commander-in-Chief was curt, but he was watching the Brigadier alertly. Sessions really had been a most canny old stick in the old days.

"There are no floods now because the old people, in the days of my youth, took steps to stop them. They erected a catchment system all down this valley, mainly on our side, since our hills form the watershed. They have even dammed back three ponds to take the storm water—only they are

(Continued on page 410)

## A SUPER "GAFF" FOR THE TROOPS SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND



GWEN FARRAR AND PARTNER

INCLUDED ARE MRS. FERGUS GRAHAM, MR. CHRISTOPHER FORD  
AND MISS MARGARET FORDDOUGLAS BYNG AND ANOTHER  
A.T.S. LADY

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD CLIVE

MR. GREGORY-HOOD,  
LORD MILTON, AND  
MISS EDYTHE BAKERMR. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE,  
MR. W. GRAZEBROOK AND LORD CARRINGTONMISS PADDY BROWNE, MR. VIVIAN CORNELIUS, LORD STANLEY  
AND MISS FRANCES DAY

Douglas Byng was officer i/c this strong contingent of talent, which put up a barrage of mirth on some of his Majesty's troops at some barracks somewhere. As the enemy has probably got an Army List or two and also many sharp pairs of eyes at his disposal, he knows as well as we do where this happened, and to what units the greater part of a distinguished audience belonged. However, as orders is orders, any detail must be left to the imagination. It is not disclosing any information of military value to draw attention to such bright lights as Miss Gwen Farrar, who collected a partner for the occasion, Miss Frances Day and Miss Edythe Baker, and to say that they were at the top of even their own best form; there is no harm in doing so. On the other side, in the region of the Maginot Line and elsewhere, the stage has been entertaining the sword on the same high level of excellence—a level several steps higher than the 'Tommies' gaff of older days in which they had to provide the performers

Photos: Swaebe



## THE VALHALLA LINE—(Continued from page 408)

not ponds now, but lakes, like the Lake of the Three Deep—"

"That is a great sheet of water. I thought it natural."

"Most do; yet it was not much more than a cattle-pond, until its overflow was dyked to fill those three valleys. And there are others, storing a vast volume of water—"

"A vast volume!" The Commander-in-Chief caught his breath. "But they will know about that, surely, Sessions?"

"I think not. They are all so new to this—and then, doesn't their building of the Valhalla Line, as they have, under the old inundation-level prove that they do not? How should they know? So few do, even on our side of the border. They do not even know where the sluice-gates are, for they are mostly behind us, in the hills and on the lands of peasant farmers, who open their particular sluices to let off the storm water or regulate their pond- and stream-levels without considering for a moment where the water goes, or why those sluices were put in in the first place. It is merely a matter of routine habit and old custom with them. Few even know where the next sluice is, or how many of them there are—"

"But you know, my old?" the Commander-in-Chief said with a sudden thick excitement. "You are telling me you know!"

"I am a soldier—as well as a fisherman," the old Brigadier smiled. "The military value of those sluices was always evident to me, especially since those fellows over there began to build their impregnable line. . . ."

"And they could be opened simultaneously, these sluices?"

"A hundred men could do it easily to-night, at any zero hour you set. Two hours later the water will be half-way up the trunk of that old tree—and filling every hollow and gallery beneath. And if the pontoon and bridges we already have handy for crossing that river are ready—"

"Angels in heaven—you are right! The line will be breached—a complete break-through before they realise we are attacking. . . ."

The General sat in his own control-room of the Valhalla Line. War had started. Dimly through the monstrous thicknesses of concrete he heard the thunder of gunfire; occasionally he felt the shuddering vibration of a heavy shell exploding. He was not in the least disturbed. Not even the worst bombardment could damage this line: not even the most desperate attack could reach it.

Reports came to him in a stream. The line from end to end was under fire, yet nowhere was there sign of an attack. The enemy knew better than to attempt such folly. Even when a telephone message from the observation-post above gave him news that the enemy was throwing a great deal of smoke-shell at his line, and especially at the river-bank, he did not worry. Such things had not been overlooked. If the enemy thought they could stage an attack

under cover of such a screen they were in for a terrible awakening.

It was some hours before the same telephones reported that a great volume of water had swept suddenly downstream, and that its level was climbing up the glacis. Even then he was not greatly perturbed. The wise minds that had planned this invincible line had surely legislated for that.

Only when a bedraggled man burst in upon him and told him that the lower gallery was completely flooded, and that the water was climbing to the others, did he begin to feel uneasy. He gave the right orders, had the steel doors that cut them off from the sections of the line on either side closed, and went out to investigate.

It seemed that the last order was a mistake. It penned the water into his own, the lowest section in the valley, caused its rise through the galleries to increase to a phenomenal speed. There was actually a wild rush of men up from below as he reached the gallery, foolish running cries of panic. This subsided a little at the sight of him pushing towards the lifts, and under his eyes the officers restored order.

But fear began again as Jerome pressed the button of his own automatic lift—and nothing happened.

Somebody cried: "All the lifts are the same! The water's 'shorted' the current or something—they don't work any more."

"Rubbish!" the General said shortly. "They're fool-proof. The whole line's fool-proof. Knock sense into the men's heads, Jerome! There's no need for panic. Nothing under heaven can hurt these fortifications. They're impregnable to all—"

He stopped short, his voice blotted out by the shout that burst along the gallery. Perhaps he shouted—or screamed—

himself. He had right to. A wave of dirty water had abruptly swilled over the lip of the lift-shaft: swilled over and swept down upon him in a charging, swirling stream.

It was over his ankles before he could shout an order. Not that any orders helped. They were blotted out in the terror that swept the galleries—and the darkness. For, sharply, every electric light went out, leaving only the dim light of the emergency oil-lamps set at distant intervals to gleam upon the eddying water. And in this faint and horrible light the packed men fought their losing battle in the bowels of the earth against the ever- and inexorably-rising flood.

"A clean breach, Sessions!" the Commander-in-Chief cried exultantly a day later when he reached advanced headquarters thirty miles inside the Valhalla Line. "The impregnable line—lost without a battle! The last word in concrete, steel and science—useless at a stroke! A wonderful stroke, my friend, and all due to a little water."

"And a love of fishing," the Brigadier laughed.

"Oh, especially fishing," the Commander-in-Chief agreed.



MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS, HEROINE IN "YOU OF ALL PEOPLE"

Peter Rosser's new comedy has gone on a short provincial tour before coming to the Apollo on Dec. 22. Margaret Rawlings plays the part of a lady who finds her thoughts running back to her romantic first husband and away from rather stodgy Number Two—who, however, is one too many for her in the end. Leslie Banks is Miss Rawlings' opposite number, and the cast is otherwise also star-spangled, including Hartley Power, Morland Graham, Lilli Palmer and Richard Bird

“Say when . . .”







A FLYING FOURSOME

Four of the people who are on constant guard over our skies were caught by the camera at an R.A.F. camp. They are (l. to r.) Flight-Lieutenant D. M. Green, Pilot Officer B. H. Lawrence, Flight-Lieutenant T. G. Sutherland, and Pilot Officer C. W. Harman

## In Anger.

IT is one of the major mysteries of aviation that some people can crash repeatedly and raspingly without the smallest hurt to themselves while others pinch their fingers in a cockpit cover and are laid up in hospital for twelve months. Already in a certain anonymous squadron in an anonymous district of an anonymous country an anonymous pilot has earned for himself a reputation for a marked degree of invulnerability.

Twice he has come home after an operation with quite considerable parts of his aeroplane missing. Once at least he has crashed magistrally without hurt to himself or his crew. Whenever he goes near a German anti-aircraft battery they seem to have his range exactly calculated and to be able to anticipate the direction his aeroplane will take. And so they send up against him enough metal to make a battleship. And when he gets back his only comment when he surveys the damage to his machine is: "They must have been cross with me."

It is queer, though, the way in which the war in the air seems to circle round a few people. They seem always to be in the thick of it. When war broke out a certain squadron was ordered to France and a certain other one was ordered to replace it at a base somewhere towards the north of Great Britain. The members of the squadron going overseas gloated over the members of the squadron detailed for home duties, saying that they, at least,

## AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

would be able to see something of the war. What happened? The squadron which went overseas did not see a single German aeroplane for ten weeks, while the other one, which stayed at home, had two engagements, in both of which it acquitted itself well. No doubt about it, this is an involved and inverted war.

## "Kipper Kites."

I rather like the name the Navy has given to the aeroplanes of the Coastal Command which do the herring-fleet patrols. They call them the "kipper kites." But far better is the Coastal Command's own name for its batch of rather slow and solemn and somewhat antique aeroplanes. It calls them its "secret weapon." Actually these machines—which I must not name, though most people know what they are—have done wonderful work, although they have only a modest performance. When a German machine is sighted there is never any hesitation about what to do. The "secret weapon" is headed straight for the enemy, and usually the results are disastrous for the enemy.



AIRMEN OF THE SEA

Seen here with Wing Commander McClean Vincent, one of the higher-ups of a certain R.A.F. training camp, are Engineer-Commander L. A. Symes, R.N., and his second-in-command, Lieut. W. S. May, R.N., who are in charge of the Naval detachment of the Fleet Air Arm in training there



Hay Wrightson

MISS PAULINE GOWER

Perhaps the best-known of Britain's airwomen, Sir Robert Gower's daughter has been appointed to take charge of the new all-women Air Transport Auxiliary Service, whose function is to ferry R.A.F. planes from factories to flying-schools. Every member of the squadron performing this most useful service is an air veteran with more than 1000 hours' solo flying experience

The Coastal Command has done remarkably fine service. In fact, it has really developed a new use for aircraft, for although there were coastal patrols in the war of 1914, they never covered the ground or were of the intensity of the present-day ones. And the feats of navigation are really amazing.

But it is search that is the chief task of these aeroplanes. Enormous areas are covered every day by them, and I liked as much as anything that has happened in the air war so far, the life-saving work of one of our machines when seven seamen were seen clinging to two rafts far off the coast of Scotland.

About ten miles away from the rafts it found a ship and tried to signal to it by lamp. But the men on this ship did not seem to understand, so another ship was looked for, and finally found. With this second ship wireless communication was established and it was directed to the spot. Meanwhile, however, the first ship had guessed what might be afoot and had gone to the rescue. The aeroplane circled round until it saw that all the men had been safely taken on board and then set course for home. A magnificent exploit and one which shows not only how thoroughly the seas are patrolled by our aircraft, but how valuable they are in saving the lives of seamen.

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Gardiner

This group includes the officers of two well-known County Yeomanry Regiments now amalgamated, forming the Nth Field Regiment, R.A., one of the three Territorial Regiments to land in France in September

The list of names is as follows: (back row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. J. G. Kell, C. Fraser, G. H. Peile, J. Cox, R. W. V. Neathercoat, A. H. C. Duveen, W. G. S. Johnston, O. C. Browning, Lieuts. A. R. Marshall, Hon. R. R. Blades, J. L. Hislop, Sir G. R. Loder, Bt.; (second row, l. to r.) Captain P. McC. Greenwell, Lieut. A. Benn, Captain M. E. Barclay, Lieut. (Q.M.) V. A. Fox, Lieut. K. M. Payne, Captain F. E. Y. Bevan, Captain B. E. Todd, Lieuts. P. F. J. Duncanson, V. D. Kelaart, 2nd Lieuts. H. J. Tetley, B. H. Tyldesley-Jones, Lieut. J. A. F. Baxendale; (front row) Captains D. K. Price, R. L. Bristowe, Hon. F. A. Stewart-Mackenzie, Major C. R. Egerton, Hon. C. G. Cubitt, Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Ledingham, M.C., Major Sir H. B. Shiffner, Bt., R.A., Major W. R. Burrell, Major J. Ellice, Captain Viscount Cowdray, Captain G. M. Raikes, Captain J. Goring. The officers of the unit who were absent were: Captain E. B. M. Tremlett, Captain N. R. Grimston, Captain Rev. V. S. Barber (Padre), Lieut. W. D. Jackson, R.A.M.C., M.O., Lieut. K. Potter, R.A.O.C., O.M.E.

### The 25s. per h.p. Tax.

**N**EXT year a 10-h.p. car will pay £15 instead of £10 in horse-power tax. And that will be a fixed charge, whether the owner skimps along on his petrol allowance of 2400 miles' worth for the year, or obtains an extra ration for business purposes. The extra fiver in itself is not much if one could make use of it over a reasonable annual mileage. But 2400 is so puny a measure that it is estimated that at least half of our two million cars will be laid up either temporarily or for the duration. The right thing to do, then, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to invest the money that would have paid the horse-power tax in one of the war-saving schemes. With this and several hundred millions more, the Government will buy our safety.

Strong protests have been made against the increased horse-power tax, principally on the ground that it will fail lamentably to produce the millions expected when its imposition was announced. It is also pointed out that the laying-up of a million cars will result in the closing down of garages all over the country. This will increase unemployment, at any rate for a time, until the skilled and semi-skilled labour is absorbed either in the Services or munition factories. The whole problem is a most difficult one. The ideal way of dealing with it would be so to balance things up that as men were thrown out of work owing to the public economising, an increasing demand for their services should develop in other directions, such as munition factories and work of national importance. But the perfect dovetailing of these two phases is probably beyond the powers of any government.

### Going All Gassy.

**L**et us turn to a less serious subject—to wit, gas. Not of the poison variety, but of the kind that some folk tell us to

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES



MRS. LILY COOK, CARETAKER OF THE SHELDONIAN

Known to tens of thousands of former and to all present undergraduates of Oxford, Mrs. Lily Cook has been caretaker of the Sheldonian since 1916 and connected with Gilbert Sheldon's Senate House for forty years—a great innings

run our cars on. Their first idea was town gas as supplied by gasometers, and used by unhappy couples for ending their lives in an oven. I have just been studying a picture of an 8-h.p. car, appropriately bagged for going all gassy. It is not an elegant

sight. In fact, if I were the owner, I should be de-bagged at once. For the outfit features a tray, supported on four props, extending over the length and breadth of the car, and carrying a huge container rather resembling the bedding you get in a Continental hotel of the more rustic type. This outfit only provides enough gas to run the car 17 miles.

Producer-gas, which you make by burning anthracite or charcoal as you go along, is the other alternative. The plant costs about £80, and owing to its weight and bulk would need considerable modifications being made to the car. But the system has the advantage that, when you've stoked up with 90 lb. of fuel, and a supply of water, you can do nearly 200 miles on a small car. Obviously, to obtain the best results, the car should be designed to take the plant, instead of carrying it at the back on an extension of the frame.

### Snow-drift Driving.

**I**t is snowing hard, which prompts these hints on winter motoring. I learned a lot about it last year, after having spent the best part of Boxing night in a snow-drift, on my way back from a dance. So my advice is to add a spade, some sacking and a flash-lamp to the tool-kit. The last-named is required to light up the snow under the car when digging out. Another party became similarly embedded, and only had a couple of umbrellas to shift the snow with. The sacking is useful for spreading over ice-bound, uphill sections, where wheel-spin is almost inevitable. Many drivers make the mistake of using too much power. What's wanted is just the necessary speed without creating wheel-spin.

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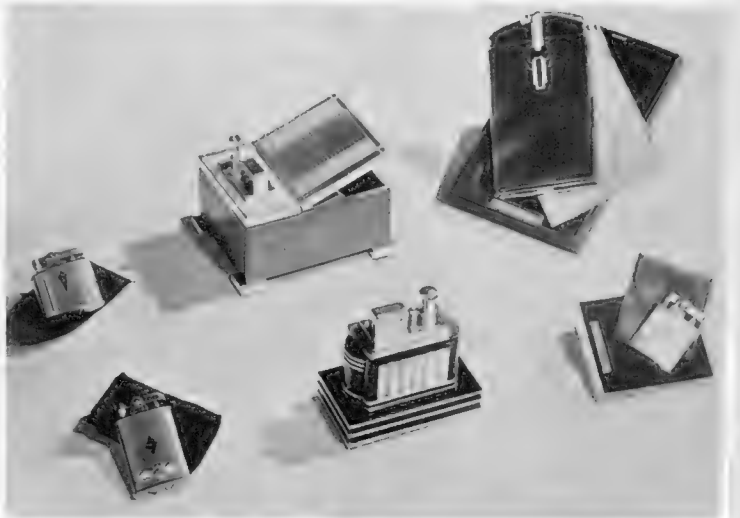
By M.E. Brooke



WHEN in doubt visit the Austin Reed show-rooms in Regent Street. To them must be given the credit of the trio of accessories portrayed. On the left of the group is a waterproof wool-lined waistcoat, with adjustable lapels. On the right is a suede waistcoat, and rubber-soled suede boots



EVERY one likes a Ronson, as it is a lighter that lights. It will be seen from the illustrations on the right that it is available in many designs; it is sold practically everywhere. Its charm, but not its usefulness, may be increased by having the recipient's initials engraved on it, or it may be the regimental badge. Remember, "Flip, and it's lit," "Release and it's out" so simple



NOT only have Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, a collection of jumpers, cardigans and sleeveless pullovers in regulation colours for the forces, but they specialize in cardigans and jumpers for the auxiliary services. Pictured above is a twin set consisting of pullover and cardigan



THERE is nothing that ensures greater comfort in the home and at the same time practises true economy better than the Esse heat storage cooker, and its companion, the Esse heating stove. It is the former which is illustrated on this page. It is very neat

EXPERTS have given great thought and care to the arrangement of the parcels at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, for the forces on land, air and sea; they do know what the men need. There are some containing food and games, and there are others with "comforts" including a balaclava helmet and scarf





With the collar turned up and those great big revers almost wrapped round you no kind of weather south of Greenland could penetrate.

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. I. M. CAMPBELL

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Jean G. Sanderson, only daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Sanderson, the Gurkha Rifles and Mrs. Sanderson, of 2 Mentone Gardens, Edinburgh. The bridegroom is Lieutenant I. M. Campbell, W.S., Royal Scots, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell, of 36 Dick Place, Edinburgh

Croix de Guerre, acting Brigadier-General, 3rd Light Cavalry Brigade, North Africa, and Miss Gertrude Foster Barham Squire, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George

## Today's Wedding.

The marriage will take place today at St. Botolph's Church, Ratcliffe, Leicestershire, between Lord Newtown-Butler and Miss Bettyne Everard.

## Forthcoming Wedding.

The marriage will take place shortly between Major Henry Morison Vere Nicoll, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Doctor and Mrs. Vere Nicoll, of Temple Pool, Dockenfield, Surrey, and Miss Joan Madden, second daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles E. Madden, and of Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex. The service will be at Chelsea Old Church on Saturday, December 30.

## Marrying Abroad.

The wedding will take place shortly in Algiers owing to the war, between Colonel the Baron de Cardaillac, Chevalier Légion d'Honneur,



MISS MARGARET MCDUGALL

Whose engagement was announced recently. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDougall, of Shirley House, Heathville Road, Gloucester and her engagement was announced to Mr. Jack Cole, the Cotswold Hills and county golfer, youngest son of the late Mr. A. N. Cole and Mrs. Cole, of "Wyborne," St. George's Road, Cheltenham

Squire, Further On, Cock Lane, Hoddesdon, Herts.

## Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Guy Blencowe, R.A.S.C., elder son of Captain and Mrs. F. J. Blencowe, of 4 Thurlby Road, West Norwood, and Miss Evangeline Daukes, third daughter of the Bishop of Plymouth, of Linkincorn, Yelverton, Devon, and the late Mrs. Daukes; Major Harold P. Combe, The Queen's Royal Regiment, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Combe, and Miss Barbara Harris, only daughter of the late Mr. George P. Harris and of Mrs. Harris, of Culverdene, Totland Bay, Isle of Wight; Lieutenant-Commander Gilliat Benfield Herbert-Jones, R.N.R., only son of the Rev. G. Herbert-Jones, of Hughenden Vicarage, High Wycombe, and of the late Mrs. Beatrice Herbert-Jones, and Miss Margaret Isobel Lowes, daughter of Mrs. F. B. Lowes, and of the late Mr. F. B. Lowes, of New Zealand; Lieut.-Comdr. A. C. Duckworth, R.N., and Miss Williams.



LIEUTENANT J. B. P. STIRLING, R.N. AND MRS. STIRLING

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Cecil M. Sheppard Graham, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. T. W. Graham, of Rednock House, Port of Monteith. The bridegroom is the son of the late Admiral A. J. B. Stirling and Mrs. Stirling, of Dalgonar, Lymington, Hants. The pages are Masters Philip Hamilton-Grierson and Archibald Edmonstone

Lowes, and of the late Mr. F. B. Lowes, of New Zealand; Lieut.-Comdr. A. C. Duckworth, R.N., and Miss Williams.

## Important Announcement

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



POODLE PUPPIES

property of Mrs. Murray Wilson

see the place before sending to it. There have been a case or two in the papers lately, which have made one think. There are various degrees of cruelty and it is unbelievable what some people will do for a few shillings—so be careful!

One often hears it said that prize-winning gun dogs are useless in the field. This is certainly sometimes the case, though it is more often for want of training and opportunity not for want of ability. This reproach cannot be levelled at Miss Lewis's beautiful English Setter bitch, Flyer of Fermanar. Flyer won the bitch certificate at Cruft's in a record entry of 141. Before this she had won first at Birmingham Show, where she was brought out, and also at the K.C. Show. Last July, Miss Lewis took her to the Pointer and Setter Club's Trial on Grouse at Ruabon. Flyer won reserve and certificate of merit in the Novice Stake. This has never been done by a show-bred challenge certificate winning English Setter before. Flyer is home bred, she was also owner trained and owner handled. What more can you want? Miss Lewis has one or two well-bred English Setters of the same strain for sale at moderate prices.

All showgoers know Mrs. Murray Wilson and

One of the signs of the times is the crop of boarding kennels which have sprung up like mushrooms all over the place. A certain amount of care should be exercised in the choice of a boarding kennel. There are many excellent reliable places, where the dogs are probably better looked after than they are at home; but some places do seem to charge fees which are too low for proper food and care. Unless you send to a well-known kennel it is always best to go and

her beautiful Poodles. She now sends a perfectly delightful photograph of some puppies and some cheering news of her kennels. She has not parted with any of her dogs, and we who know her know she would not. The puppies are by Ch. Stillington Jeremie out of a white bitch and are apricot in colour, quite entrancing! Poodles make marvellous companions as they at once become part of a family. They are a very old breed and are seen in old pictures. In some ways the fashion for trimming them has gone against them. People think they are foppish and foolish, whereas there is no breed that is more intelligent or sporting. No one knows when or why this fashion started, which is peculiar to the Poodle.



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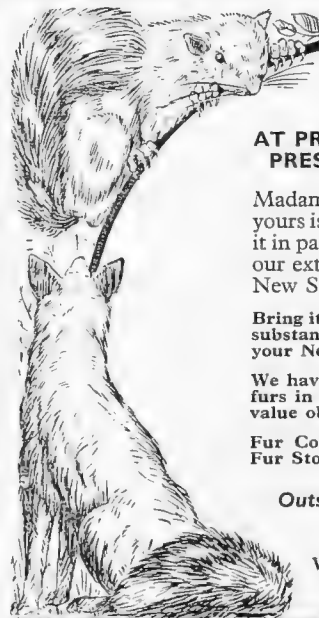
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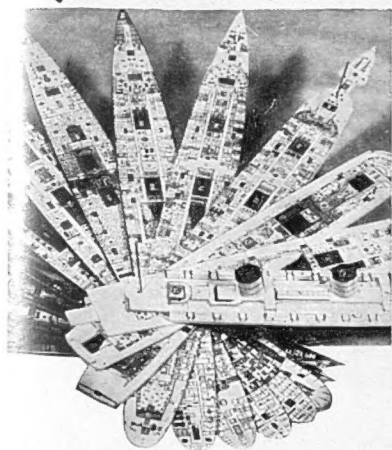
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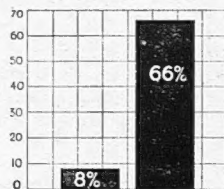
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## The Chastity of Murderers (Continued from page 398)

to dishonour, they grimly sleep alone. The girl, too, has all the earmarks of a pretty hot number. But that kind of thing gets her nowhere in a thriller, not even with an attractive adventurer rejoicing in the sinister name of Peter Lombard. I was hoping against hope until the end that this P. Lombard chap would at least try to do his stuff with the girl, even if he or she had to be shot or strangled later, but the fellow never forgot for a single moment that he was in a respectable thriller and not in a novel about life in a cosy Lincolnshire rectory.

As for English gentlemen-detectives, there is little to be said but that they are one and all perfect gentlemen. Mr. Leonard Caution is, of course, no gentleman, and manages to have a bit of fun on the side. But Mr. Campion, Mr. Fortune, and Lord Peter Wimsey—gentlemen whose cleverness I respect wholeheartedly—never once slip up anywhere, and beauty makes no impression whatsoever on the cheerful and maddening purity of their old school ties. One is perhaps a little sorry for the recently married wife of Lord Peter Wimsey, for in spite of some jolly love talk we overheard during their honeymoon it is to be wondered whether he has as yet really done anything of a constructive nature, perhaps for fear of leaving ungentelemanly fingerprints.

### ROUNABOUT NOTES

The 1940 edition of that invaluable work of reference, "Who's Who" (published at 63s. by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black) contains the usual encyclopædic store of potted biographies of prominent people all over the world and fully retains its unique value as a compendium

of various information (even extending to Herr Hitler's telephone number). Considering the complications inherent in the production of so vast a work it is remarkable how up-to-date the entries are. They include many of the more important wartime appointments—a particularly valuable feature. The many changes which have come upon all our lives in the past three months have in fact resulted in a more far-reaching revision of "Who's Who" than is usually necessary from year to year and make the new edition particularly indispensable.

Every one with an interest in things theatrical will cordially welcome the appearance of a new edition (the ninth) of Mr. John Parker's amazingly all-inclusive and accurate work, "Who's Who in the Theatre" (published by Pitman at 30s.). The new edition includes over four hundred new biographies of people who have become prominent on the stage during the past few years, and all the other entries have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Apart from the biographies all the informative and interesting sections on theatrical subjects, such as the London playbills, and the late Dr. J. M. Bulloch's monumental study of hereditary stage families, are repeated and brought up to date. It is, in fact, safe to say that this unique book, containing as it does a collection as nearly complete as is within human power of theatrical data, is indispensable to any student of the theatre.

Our attention has been drawn to a caption appearing under a photograph of Mr. W. J. Kelly in our issue of November 15, in which it was stated that Mr. Kelly was renting Palmerston, Naas, from Lord Mayo. The property, in fact, belongs to the Hon. Bryan Bourke, second son of the 8th Lord Mayo. We regret any misunderstanding this error may have caused.



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Mr. W. J. Kelly in our issue of November 15, in which it was stated that Mr. Kelly was renting Palmerston, Naas, from Lord Mayo. The property, in fact, belongs to the Hon. Bryan Bourke, second son of the 8th Lord Mayo. We regret any misunderstanding this error may have caused.

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